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THE PLAN BOOK SERIES

A LITTLE

JOURNEY TO CANADA

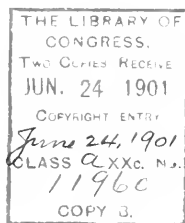
FOR INTERMEDIATE AND UPPER
GRADES

BY

MARIAN M. GEORGE

CHICAGO

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY



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A Little Journey to Canada.

What a fortunate thing that we decided to take the trip to Canada in May. Why? Because on the homeward journey we can visit the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

It will be much pleasanter to do so at that time than to wait until the sultry days of July and August. People from all over the world will be there. What a pleasure to see again the friends we made on our little journeys to Cuba, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Hawaii, The Philippines, China and Japan. 27

We will be able to see their villages on the exposition grounds which are to give the States people an idea of the home life and industries of these people of other lands.

But the trip to Canada must first be planned. How shall we go? Turn to your United States maps and look over the routes. Some of our party returning from Alaska remained on the Pacific Coast for a rest. We have promised to return to Seattle and make that our starting point for the journey to Canada.

What route shall we take to reach there? We have already taken a journey to the Pacific Coast by the Great Northern Railway; suppose we take the Canadian Pacific this time. It will give us many glimpses of the

beauty spots of the United States. We can go by way of the boat from Seattle to Vancouver's Island, which is a part of the Dominion of Canada.

Now turn to the map of Canada. At Vancouver City we take the Canadian Pacific Railway which has done so much to make Canada what it is today. This road will take us across the continent.

No trip to Canada would be complete without a trip down the St. Lawrence and a visit to Niagara Falls. At Toronto we can embark on one of the steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, following the course of the lake and down the St. Lawrence, past the Thousand Islands, shooting the Rapids, stopping at Montreal and Quebec and finally reaching the most attractive part of the whole trip—the Saguenay River.

We may then return to Buffalo and after our visit there go home by way of the Great Lakes. We can take passage at Buffalo on a steamer that will connect with the Manitou Steamship Line. "The Manitou" has taken us on many a pleasure trip, and will carry us safely home to Chicago.

SEATTLE.

Here we are at Seattle again and the other members of our party ready to join us. Very close to us lies the Dominion of Canada. How shall we reach it? What places in Canada can we visit in a month's time? That depends upon what the majority of the Travel Club wish to see. Some care most for its beautiful scenery, others are interested in the people and industries.



**DOMINION OF CANADA
AND
NEWFOUNDLAND**

SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.

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Let us take a look at the land then before we go any farther.

CANADA.

All the country north of the United States, except Alaska, Greenland and Iceland, is included in that part of the British Empire known as the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland.

Canada is about the size of the United States without Alaska. It stretches from the Pacific to the Atlantic, a breadth of nearly four thousand miles. Its southern boundary is the United States; its northern, the Arctic Ocean. There are seven provinces and nine districts in the Dominion. Each province has a government of its own, as have our states. But they have a central government also, with a capital at Ottawa, which corresponds to our capital at Washington. The territories are covered with vast forests and are of but little importance at present. Newfoundland has no connection with Canada. It has an independent government.

Canada has a population of about six million. One third of these are French or of French descent, but the majority are of English or Scotch descent. About one hundred and twenty-five thousand are Indians and a small number of Eskimo. The majority of the Canadians have their homes in the southern part of Canada. Then comes a region farther north covered with vast forests. It is here that many of the Indians, the fur traders and trappers live. The Eskimo live in the extreme north, along the coast.

But we will meet with but little difficulty about

language. With the Indians on the Pacific coast, a few phrases of Chinook will carry us through. In other parts of the country we can easily find an interpreter for the other tribes. In Quebec, where French is the language employed, the hotel men, cab men and business men also speak English, and as for the Eskimo, well I think we will have to visit them in imagination only.

The chief industries of the people are agriculture, lumbering, fur trading, fishing and mining. The farming districts lie through the Central and Atlantic divisions of Canada. Here we find the most of the inhabitants and the great cities. We shall not linger in the cities that resemble the cities of the United States, nor shall we visit the farms and factories similar to those seen at home. We decide to devote most of our

time to those industries and modes of life unlike our own.

If we set out now for the Land of Evangeline and go north and east through Canada, we shall find spring and lose it over and over again before we reach our journey's end. When nature is reviving beneath the mild south winds that blow on the lowlands



THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

by the coast, the snow still lingers in the canyons of the Cascades, and the Selkirks, and the Rockies. Out in the Prairie Land we shall find vegetation far advanced; the spring plowing over, warm weather and sunny skies. But, as we travel through the region north of Lake Superior, and again when we reach Quebec, we shall find nature just waking from her long winter sleep.

All along our way, however hot it may be in the daytime, it will be cool enough at night. Pack up your warm clothes, then, and bring them with you. Rain coats and umbrellas of course must not be forgotten. We will have no difficulty about money. American bills and silver are good anywhere in Canada.

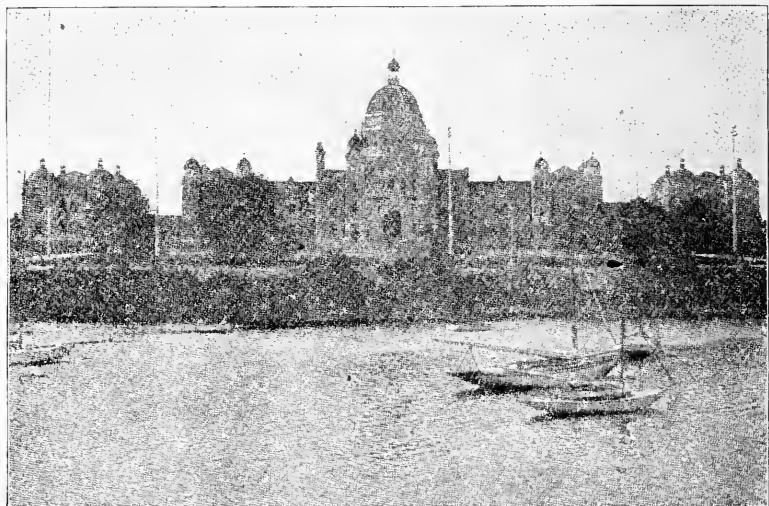
OFF FOR VICTORIA.

From Seattle we can reach the Dominion by land or water. As we have had so much railway traveling let us go by sea. The part of Canada we shall first see will be what is known as the Pacific division or British Columbia.

We are steaming into the beautiful harbor of Victoria almost before we know it. It is from this we are to have our first glimpses of Canadian life. Victoria is the capital of British Columbia and is situated on the southern end of Vancouver Island. It has a small harbor with a narrow entrance, but all except the largest ocean steamers can anchor here. Above us on the hills lies the city, the square wooden tower of a Cathedral rising above everything.

Early May in Victoria is certainly delightful. We fully expected to find a cold disagreeable climate and perhaps fogs in a country so far north, but the sky is

clear and blue, and the sun shining bright and warm. The lawns about the houses are green, and in the fields buttercups and daisies are blooming. The people who live here tell us that the climate of Victoria is perfect. Moist winds blow from the warm south for eight months out of the twelve. The thermometer rarely falls below 23° in winter, or rises above 72° in summer.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.

Victoria seems like an English town. At every turn you meet Jack Tars and red-coated marines away from their ships for the afternoon. Victoria is a city of homes. The people on the main land call it the home of the moss-backs. The Victorian is so quiet, so easy going they say, that moss grows on his back.

Let us take a walk through the quiet city. It will not take long as it has a population of but twenty thousand people.

Notice the houses. They are not built up in rows close together. Each house stands apart, surrounded by its own little garden. Those creepers you see trained over the porches, are honeysuckles. Ferns here reach the height of ten or twelve feet. Even currant bushes grow to a wonderful size; in many gardens they are trained on arbors and hang their berries high overhead. In the clearings about the town, wild rose bushes are matted together by the acre.

The Indians are the laborers here. They take the place of the negroes of the South. They are the "hands" of the sawmills, the "roustabouts" of the steamboats and the wharves; they are the teamsters and the coachmen. Their women often find work as domestic servants.

The houses in the Indian village opposite the city are square or oblong huts with flat roofs and with walls and ceilings of cedar. The floors are of earth. Several families often live together in one house. Then the hut is made three or four times larger. Inside there are no partitions; nevertheless, each family has its own fireside, round which it draws its belongings, and makes its home.

Throughout the province the Chinese are relied upon for the work of the garden, the kitchen, the laundry. The people grumble at them, and write to the newspapers about them. The Labor Unions denounce them. But each grumbler would be at his wits' end if Chinese immigration were stopped. As it is, each Chinaman who enters the Dominion has to pay a tax of fifty dollars. The Japanese are allowed to enter free.

ESQUIMAULT.

Within two miles of the city lies Esquimault, the chief naval base of Great Britain on the Pacific. Let us take the electric cars and look at the men-of-war lying in the harbor; and the big dry-dock in which ships are cleaned and repaired. There is one there now. Look at the men away down thirty-five feet below us. What are they doing? They are scouring and scraping at the sheathing of the ship's hull to get off the barnacles. What are barnacles? A tiny species of shellfish that fastens on a vessel's hull, and lessens its speed.

NANAIMO.

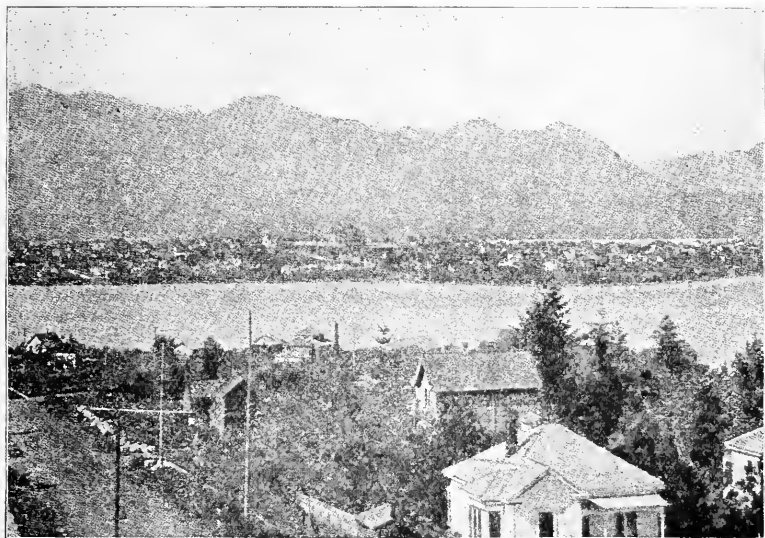
Seventy miles north of Victoria is the town of Nanaimo. There are coal mines there that yield more than a million tons a year. For steam raising purposes the War Department of the United States rates Nanaimo coal above any found in Washington, Oregon, or California. The American steamship lines of China and Australia use it almost exclusively. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company depends upon it for its steamship service to China, and for its railway service to the summit of the Rockies.

VANCOUVER.

Now let us take steamer for the city of Vancouver. It is a six hours' trip. We cross the Gulf of Georgia, and come to anchor in the harbor of the chief commercial city of the Dominion on the Pacific. Beside us lies the "Empress of Japan" discharging her cargo of tea and general merchandise brought from Hong-kong and Yokohama. Within a week the cars of the

Canadian Pacific Railway will have delivered the vessel's lading at Montreal and New York.

In 1885 the site of Vancouver was a wilderness of tall pines and branching cedars. Now it has twenty-five thousand inhabitants enjoying all the comforts



VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

and most of the luxuries of civilization. Churches, schools, stately public buildings adorn the streets. The telephone is everywhere. Electricity lights the miles of asphalt streets, the hotels, and the private residences, and runs a line to New Westminster, the former capital of British Columbia, famous for its canneries and its sawmills.

The water supply is drawn from a mountain stream, and piped to the city by gravitation. Sanitation and

drainage receive careful attention. Stanley Park, with a drive-way ten miles long encircling it, has been presented to the city by the Provincial Government. Here, overlooking the Bay and the Narrows, are forests with stately trees, hanging mosses and mighty ferns.



STREET IN VANCOUVER.

Siwashes, the Indians of the coast, camp on the fringes of the Park. In the little coves at the foot of the precipices float flocks of duck, teal, diver and auk. Look down over the bay. See the flotillas of quaint canoes. The Indians in them are trolling for salmon, or deep-fishing for the black cod or skill. Many of the Indians of Vancouver Island are engaged in seal fishing.

All around are mountains. Far away south is the white volcanic mass of Mt. Baker, arising from American territory. Across the English Bay are mountains. Right ahead are mountains. On the farther side of Burrard Inlet range beyond range of mountains rise, covered with forests to their peaks, the home of bear, goat, deer, panther and wild fowl.

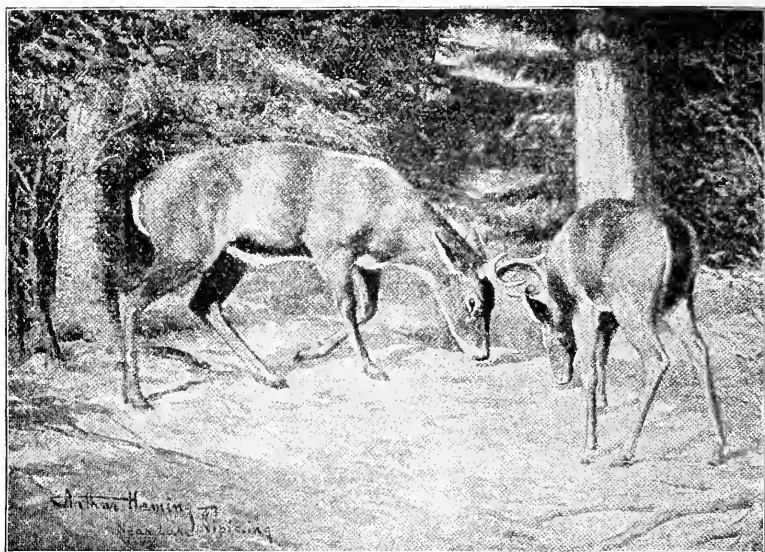
British Columbia is a land for fishermen, the lumberman, the hunter and miner.

NORTHERN CANADA.

If we go farther up north through British Columbia and into Yukon we must walk or use sledges and dogs. This is what the miners are obliged to do who carry on mining in the Klondike region. Hundreds of them are making their way northward now, and others who have wintered there are now working every hour in the day. For the summers are short and the ground is frozen two-thirds of the year. Fires must be built on the ground to thaw the earth before it can be dug up.

When the spring comes and the ice melts in the streams the miners take advantage of the running water to wash out the gold from the earth they have carried and piled up along the banks. The summer is their harvest time, as well as that of the farmer. These miners suffer great hardships in order to wring their living from the soil, and many of them die of hunger and cold.

In the far north one sees no trees except willows and birches and a few hardy plants that hug the ground very closely to escape the biting winds. In the short



DEER.

summers a little grass and a few flowering plants spring up. Some of these plants produce berries which the Eskimo and birds hunt with pleasure.

If we wished to visit one of the famous whaling grounds in the world we might push our way still farther north up to the mouth of the Mackenzie river. Steamers reach this spot from points on the Pacific by way of the Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean. A few Eskimo villages are scattered along the coast, but the cold is too intense for any other human beings to exist in this place.

ANIMAL LIFE.

One wonders that animals can live in such a cold place, but one of the sailors tells us that many of the animals of the north live in the sea. There, except-

ing at the surface, the temperature does not go below the freezing point. When the water freezes over many of them migrate southward.

One curious thing he tells us is that the polar bear, the fox, hare and baby seal change their coats to one



CARIBOU.

more nearly resembling snow in the winter time. That's for protection, you see. It helps to hide them from their enemies and enables them to steal upon their prey unobserved. Their food? Most of the animals in the Polar regions live on animal food, but the reindeer, the caribou, musk ox and Arctic hare live on the scanty grass, moss, and berries .

The caribou is the wild reindeer. It has never been tamed, but is hunted for its venison.

What other animals? Well, there are some land birds, the most common being the tough little sparrow and the saucy crow, and the plarmigan, which also changes its plumage to white in winter. Then there are thousands upon thousands of sea birds, that build their nests upon the rocky cliffs.

And insects too. You would not expect to find them here. But when the snow melts and the ground thaws they come out by the millions, especially the mosquitoes.

Farther south are the otter, the ermine, the beaver, the mink, the lynx, deer, moose, the hedge hog, the mountain sheep and goat, grizzly bear, and other animals that are found in the northern part of the United States.

Now let us leave this cheerless region and return to Vancouver. We find the country through which we travel almost destitute of human beings. A solitary Indian, or a hunter or trapper sometimes crosses our path. It is not a pleasant or safe journey, for in the woods are panthers and huge fierce grizzly bears, ready and anxious for a fight.

THE MOOSE.

What a frightful noise! It sounds like the roar of a lion, yet that cannot be. There are no lions here. Ah! There comes an old hunter. Let us ask him. He tells us that it is the moose, that it is sometimes tamed by the Hudson Bay men of the northwest. They use it as the reindeer, as it is fleeter and more

crafty. The full grown moose is the size of a large horse. It is five feet high and weighs from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds.

His antlers are a sight to see, measuring five feet from root to tip. These are cast each year and a new set formed. The head and antlers sell for quite a sum. The skin is used in making moccasins.

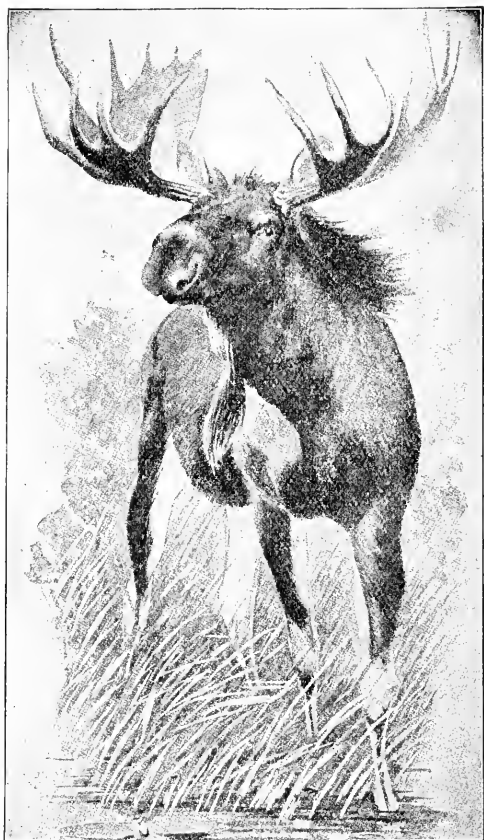
The bellow of the moose can be heard for two or three miles. He browses on leaves and twigs and likes the lily roots growing at the bottom of the ponds.

During the heat of summer he stands at mid-day in water in some quiet cove or inland lake, cooling his feet, and safe from flies. Seen thus, he appears motionless; but his eye is intent on every intruder. In October he is dangerous to approach. Later in the autumn, he herds with his fellows. A "moose-yard" is then a bonanza for the hunter, generally an Indian or a half-breed, who may lay in his winter supply of meat, to be used fresh as long as the frost lasts, or smoked for later use.

We will soon be able to see one of these big animals if we will go with this hunter to the trading post. It is the only building one can find in this country.

FUR TRADING POST.

Do you know what such a post means? It is a station for the purchase of skins from the Indians and other hunters. All through this cold country from the Rocky Mountains to the coast of Labrador, these posts are scattered, for Canada is one of the greatest fur producing countries in the world.



A KIPPEWA MOOSE.

Let us enter this building. It seems to be a store. The agent in charge is buying some skins which an Indian has just brought in to sell. He pays for the skins with rifles, powder and shot, knives, blankets and other articles they value.

The hunter's life is a hard one. He must tramp through the snow perhaps a hundred or two hundred

miles from his hunting ground to the post. He must carry upon his back a supply of food and a blanket in which to wrap himself at night, and draw on a sled his furs and camping outfit.

When an Indian selects a hunting ground he pitches his wigwam and then sets his traps. He visits these traps every few days, collects the bodies of the animals caught and re-sets the traps.

If the hunting ground does not prove to be a good one he must break camp and tramp another hundred miles in hope of better luck.

Now the Indians depart and we will ask the agent to tell us something about his work. Does he ever get lonely out there? Yes, very lonely. Sometimes he does not see a white man for six months, or even a year. The work is not pleasant, but then it pays well and he hopes to be a rich man some day and leave this lonesome place. How does he dispose of his furs? During the summer when the ice is partly melted in the Hudson Bay, ships from England bring supplies to the trading posts on the bay and take away the skins that have been bought. The company that employs him, employs hundreds of other agents and Indians. This company controls the trade of the country and ships millions of furs to London every year. It has done a great deal for Canada, for it has opened up much of the country for settlement.

We will be able to buy fine fur garments much cheaper in Canada than at home, and so we decide to supply ourselves with coats, hats and collars before returning to the States.

OVER THE ROCKIES.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will take us from Vancouver on the Pacific Coast entirely across the continent to St. John, New Brunswick. As we leave Vancouver and look out of the car window to the right, we see far below us the deep set inlet. Here and there are villages with mills, and wharves where ocean steamships and sailing craft are loading with sawn timber for all



SALMON FLEET—FRASER RIVER.

parts of the world. On the left are gigantic trees; twenty, thirty, and even forty feet round.

At Port Moody the line swerves to the left through a mighty forest. Now we are out of it. Look! There lies the mighty Fraser River; and, far beyond, the white crest of Mt. Baker.

Gradually the canyons and cliffs approach. Here and there are rude Indian farms. Across the broad

river, as we draw near Yale, is an Indian village. What are those men doing down by the river side? They are washing the gravel for gold. Are they Indians? No, they are Chinamen. Indians would starve at the business.

At Yale we have reached the head of navigation on the lower Fraser. Now we are at the entrance to the Fraser canyon. The railway passes from tunnel to bridge, and from bridge to tunnel. Looking down we catch sight of ponderous masses of rock, polished like black glass, obstructing the foaming current of the river.

At North Bend we leave the cars to lunch at the Fraser Canyon House. Gathered round the pretty little hotel are many Siwashes. They are undersized specimens of Indians with heads, mouths and nostrils broad almost to deformity. Many bear the marks of smallpox. They live by fishing and doing chores for white men. They are industrious, goodnatured and law-abiding.

The wooden cottages of these Indians differ from those of white men chiefly in odor. There is generally a sort of verandah, which is used as a safe for valuables and as a pantry for fish, ancient and modern. Just look at that Klooohman, or squaw. What is that on her back? It is a "moss-bag." What has she got in it? A papoose. The baby is bound in bands of bark. It moves only its eyes. It never cries, at least it didn't while we were there.

The dusk is gathering as we resume our journey. We can just make out that the canyon alternately widens and narrows as we hasten upwards. We rush

into a tunnel and, after emerging in safety, cross the Fraser river.

Let us find out something about this man Fraser, after whom is named the mighty river we have seen all day.

In his journal he relates how, while in the employ of the North Western Fur Company, he crossed from the headwaters of the Peace River, and found and followed what he believed to be the upper part of the Columbia River. With great difficulty he descended in canoes its unknown canyons, constantly resisted by hostile Indians; and exposed to starvation as well as violent death in many forms. It is a marvel how even his hardy voyageurs were able to hold out. He forced his way down those gorges which we passed through today, and at last reached tide-water only to learn that it was not the Columbia, but a new river, which the world has called after his name.

The hostility of the Indians became so aggressive that he was compelled to turn back without seeing—though he had smelt—the salt water, and fight his way homeward. Few explorers have better earned their honors than Fraser and his men.

We are up before six o'clock, and go to the rear end of the car for a breath of fresh air. The sun is rising above the eastern hills. How cool and bracing the air feels, perhaps a little bit "nippy." Let us put on something warmer.

We are at Sicamous Junction, 335 miles from Vancouver. No wonder the air is sharp; we are now at an altitude of 1300 feet. Below us lies the Great Shuswap Lake.

Down to the southward lie the Kootenay and Nelson Districts, studded with mines and mining towns down to the very Boundry country.

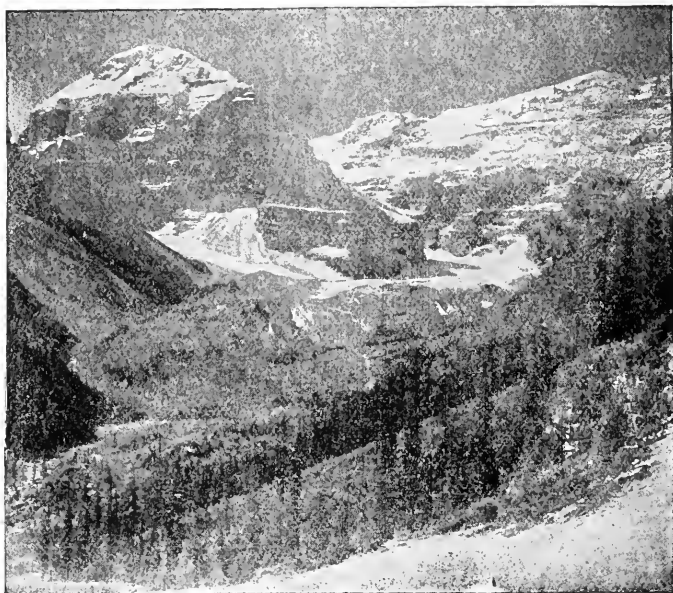
Did you notice that curious looking canoe at Sica-mous Junction? That was a Kootenay canoe. It was built for the rushing rivers of the Kooteney region, where the ordinary canoe would be unmanageable. Its ends are low and pointed; but instead of turning up in the graceful prow and stern characteristic of the eastern birch-bark, they turn down and reach fore and aft in long points underneath the water-line, like the ram of a modern ironclad. This gives the light vessel a hold upon the water, and renders it manageable in the fierce currents of the Columbia and the Kootenay.

Now we descend; the grade is easy. We are amazed to find that at Revelstoke, only nine miles from Clanwilliam, we have climbed down 520 feet.

We are at the base of the Selkirks. An observation car, open as a varandah, has been attached to the train.

At Albert Canyon we find that we have ascended 1400 feet in the last hour. Just east of the station, the train runs suddenly between the rocky walls of a short tunnel-like cutting, and halts beside an awful chasm. Between the rails and the precipitous brink stout balconies have been built. We leave the train, and lean over to look down. Nearly 300 feet below roars and rushes a sea-green, foamy river compressed between rocks into a twenty-feet-wide flume.

Twenty miles farther on, and 1300 feet higher, is the great glacier of the Selkirks. Shall we stop over a day, and see what a glacier is like? Later on in the season



GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS.

we should have to face an army of mosquitos. As yet, however, insect life is dormant. On the lawn at Glacier House the grass makes a brave show in sunny spots.

But we have come to see the glacier. It begins about two miles from the station. The moraines and splintered forests at its foot give us a hint of its destructive power. It advances every year; but only a few inches. The hotel is safe for ten years yet.

Eighteen miles broad is the glacier of the Selkirks; but we shall be content if we reach the foot of it. We can guess what the rest is like.

The road from the hotel leads through woods of fir and spruce and balsam and tamarack. Here you

might meet a grizzly, and not be so much surprised as you might suppose. The great boulder, hurled down by the glacier in the childhood of the earth, is called the Lover's Seat.

Now we pause at the edge of the glacier torrent, Illecillewaet. The path crosses and recrosses the river over bridges of tree trunks. As the path mounts, the outlook widens over giant boulders and blasted pines. Now we have reached the forefoot of the glacier. A turn of the road brings us close to a mass of ice 2,500 feet high and hundreds of feet thick. From be-

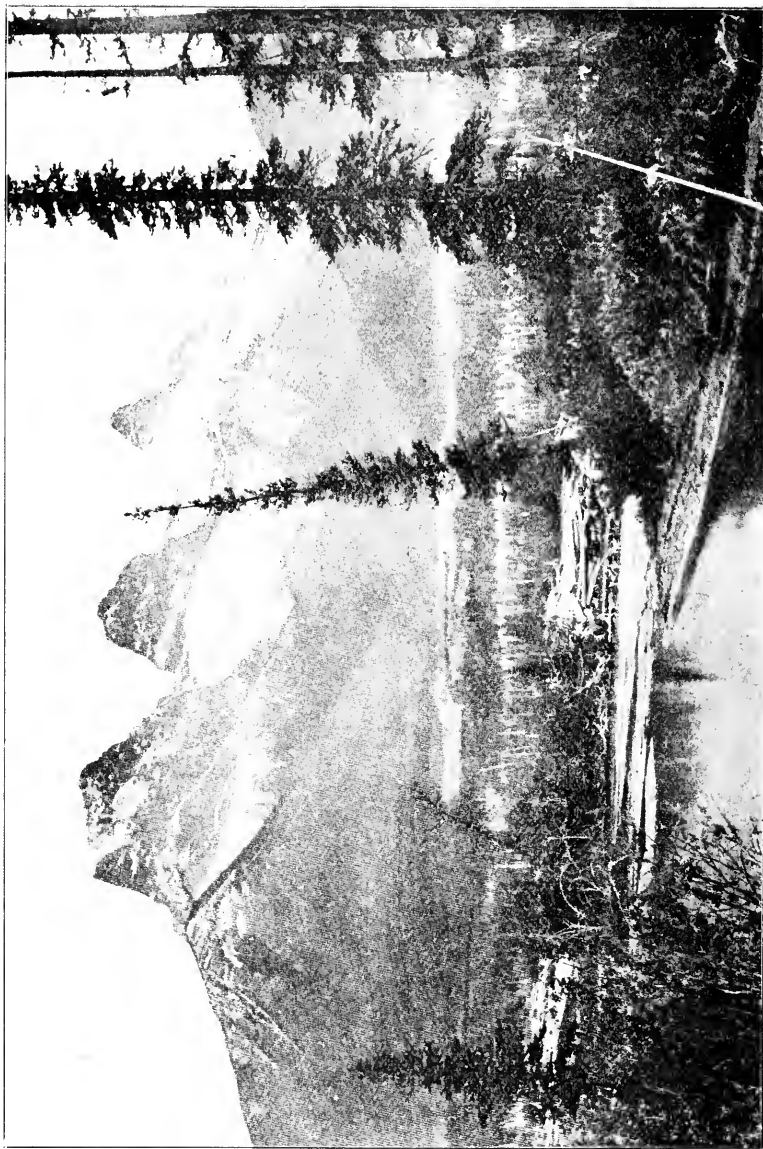


neath its edge trickle tiny rills. A few feet below they league and become a stream. The glacier fills the mountain gorge as the falls fill the gorge at Niagara. The crest is gashed and splintered into innumerable crevasses. The cold is intense; let us go back.

Just east of the Glacier House is a long snow-shed—the finest on the line, they tell us. We do not pass through it, but along an outer track used in summer time. It is at this portion of the line that the snow gives most trouble in the winter.

Snow-sheds are fortifications against the artillery of the mountains—the dread avalanches that follow the forest fires; for, when once the trees are burnt off these steep slopes, there is nothing to hinder the snow from sliding down. In summer the roof of the snow-shed forms a popular promenade.

We resume our journey. Two miles from Glacier we cross the summit of the Selkirk range, at an alti-



THE THREE SISTERS, CANMORE.

tude of 4,390 feet. A little beyond is Roger's Pass, a valley reserved by the government as a national park.

At short intervals we cross noble cascades on timber bridges of tremendous height. Notice that man far down the slope. He is one of the watchmen whose duty it is to examine the bridges day and night to see that no flaw develops in the massive timbers.

We are climbing down fast. Presently we cross the Columbia—here a fine broad river sweeping round the base of the mountain range we have just left. For twenty miles we skirt its banks, with the rugged Rockies on the left and the steepled Selkirks on the right.

On we go up the side of the Van Horne range of the Rockies to Field. Here we stop for an hour for supper at the Mount Stephen House. Neither servants nor hotel manager, it is said, ever stay here long. They are afraid of going melancholy mad. Mount Stephen weighs upon their spirits. High above the hotel it rises sheer from the flat bed of the Wapta. It is an evil giant guarding the vast treasures of silver hidden within its ribs.

The westering sun is gilding the great glacier on its crest as we board the train again.

We labor up the last heights of the Rockies, the heavy snorts of the locomotive echoing loudly among the giant firs that shut in the track. In an hour we cross the summit at an altitude of 5,296 feet, and begin the descent of the Atlantic slope.

LAKE LOUISE.

Far above the line to the right nestles a trio of snow-fed lakes, cold, dim and deep—the Lakes in the Clouds.



LAKE LOUISE AND CHALET.

Two and a half miles from Laggan station is the first and loveliest of these—Lake Louise. It lies in a hollow between two mountains, one of which rises in a perpendicular wall 2,000 feet above the water, which has a wonderful hue of green. All around are vast, dark pine woods. Upon the nearer margin stands a picturesque Chalet hotel.

BANFF.

As night is falling we reach the Banff Hot Springs. From the station a drive of ten minutes through a whispering forest of small pine trees brings us to the Canadian Pacific Hotel, a stately pile built upon a ter-

race overlooking the confluence of the Spray and the Bow rivers.

From this as a center can be seen to the best advantage the panorama of the National Park, a reservation



BANFF HOT SPRINGS.

twenty-six miles long by ten miles wide. The hotel is four stories high. As there are elevators, the top story is the best from which to view the surrounding scenery.

Over there, to the southeast, is Sulphur Mountain, with its healing springs, whose virtues are attested by the crutches festooning the bath-house. At the government baths for twenty-five cents one gets a bath and towels. These sulphur baths are not only a sov-

foreign remedy for rheumatism; they afford a delicious tonic. The temperature is about 80 deg. Fah.

Next in attraction to the baths, come driving to the Devil's lake and canoeing on the Vermilion lakes. A row on the Bow river is an event to be remembered. The mountains change with every turn of the curving stream. There is strength, majesty and glory everywhere. The peaks rise straight to the sky.

The glaciers under the sun's rays fill with crimson and gold light. The river is deep and clear. The boat glides on over the deeps like a thing of air. Mountains come and go in silence. Cascades thunder through the still air. Far aloft a solitary eagle wings its flight to the distant summits. Here and there the dark form of an Indian crosses the line of sight.

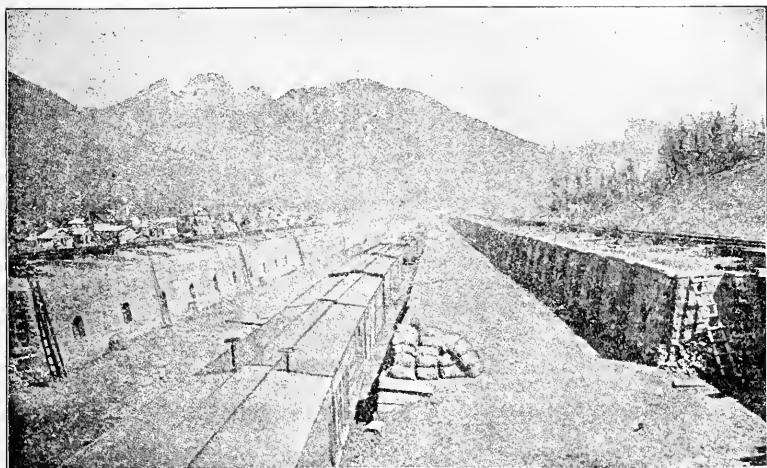


Banff is the place to see fantastic rocks. Northward the Cascade Mountain is a glorious pyramid of bare rock. Castle Mountain recalls pictures of the feudal castles on the Rhine. Beyond lies the saw-back range, with ragged rims and pinnacles. Eastward towers the sharp cone of Peechee, 10,000 feet high. Westward gleam the snowy central heights of the Main range. The isolated bluff to the south is Tunnel mountain, and just behind the station Rundle Peak cuts off all further view in that direction.

CALGARY.

Past Anthracite, with its great coal mines, and Canmore, with its Three Sisters—the last peaks of the

Rockies—through the Gap, we reach Calgary. This is the center of the trade of the northern part of the great ranching country, and the chief source of supply for the mining districts in the mountains we have just left. Here we meet with the stalwart, red-coated, top-



COKE OVENS AT FERNIE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

booted troopers of the mounted police—the “Riders of the Plains.” They are really soldiers, but they act also as magistrates, sheriffs, detectives, town constables, customs officers, license inspectors, fire wardens, court clerks, crown-timber agents, health officers, hide inspectors, game wardens, relief officers, crown prosecutors, food inspectors and mail carriers. Their beat covers a country that measures one thousand miles from east to west and two thousand from north to south. They are well paid, well fed, well dressed, well armed and well horsed. Within their sphere no train

robberies have ever taken place, nor any lynchings. Law reigns supreme.

RAIRIE LAND.

One last, backward look at the Rockies, one hundred and fifty miles away, and we turn to face prairie land. But for more than a hundred miles we steam across the cattle plains. The country is broken, with lakes and ponds in the depressions. Here the buffalo used to roam. Here, in their place, we see Galloway cattle in vast herds. On the surface the pastures are rich with springing grass; they are richer still below with coal measures and natural gas.

At Moosejaw we enter at last upon the prairies. Look at the dark, plowed fields, and the fresh green of spring wheat, and the thin columns of smoke rising from distant farm-houses. We are in a land inhabited. Ask this prosperous-looking farmer in the car with us something of his history. He tells us that he migrated from Ontario with nothing but his hands and his determination to make a living. He came out on a laborer's cheap excursion train. He hired out for the summer for forty dollars a month and board. He saved most of his wages. He prospected a little for himself. He discovered a fertile tract of land near a stream. With the help of his neighbors he built a house.

What kind of a house? He tells us that, too. First came a foundation of oak logs; oak never rots with the damp. On that were laid poplar logs, cut from the banks of the stream. The chinks between the logs were filled with bits of board, and then the walls were plastered with clay, that soon hardens and keeps the

wind completely out. The roof was of British Columbia shingles. There were just two rooms, one in each story, and a ladder made a capital staircase. The house once built, and a few acres broken up and seeded down in wheat, our farmer went back to marry a wife and bring her to the new home.



While his wheat was ripening he planted enough potatoes to carry them over the winter. His wheat was harvested. Some of it was sold for farm machinery, a horse and a cow with calf. A barn was built to shelter the cattle. In the winter he went to the nearest town to work till April. Then he came home, broke up more land, sowed more wheat, raised a larger crop, bought more cattle, and was able to stay at home all winter. In six years he had become comfortably well off, had paid for everything, and was able to hire labor. This is a great wheat country. The prairie soil is so rich that for sixty years wheat has been raised in the same fields without dressing. In the wheat kernel here there are three grains, while farther south there are but two. So, thirty bushels of wheat can be thrashed from an acre here, when only twenty can be grown on an acre of land farther south.

PRAIRIE INDIANS.

At many of the stations we notice little groups of Indians in mocassins and blankets. Some are pleasant, sensible-looking men and women. Most have buffalo horns to sell to the passengers. Though the buffalo is extinct, except for a few specimens in the National

Park and at Stony Mountain, near Winnipeg, yet these Indians know where to find the skeletons and horns. They ask a dollar a pair, but they will take less if we can spare time to bargain.

Though there are so many tribes, differing in language and in manners, yet in religion they are one from Labrador to the Pacific coast. All believe in spirits—spirits which inhabit earth, air, water and animals. Their protection must be sought; their vengeance must be avoided.



What kind of idols have they?

None at all. They make no images of these spirits. They pay special reverence to the sun and moon, and to one Great Spirit under different names.

Do they believe in a future life?

The conductor tells us there is an Indian Chief on board this train. Let us get an introduction to him and ask him. His name is Big Plume. He is a Black-foot Chief.

This is what Big Plume thinks becomes of the soul after death:

“The souls of all Blackfoot Indians go to the Sand-hills, north of the Cyprus hills, and east of the Black-foot country.”

“How do you know?”

“At a distance we can see them hunting buffalo, and we can hear them talking and praying, and inviting one another to their feasts. In summer we often go there, and we see the trails of the spirits, and the places where they have been camping. I have been

there myself and have seen them, and heard them beating their drums. We can see them in the distance, but when we get near to them they vanish. I cannot say whether or not they see the Great Spirit. I believe they will live forever. All the Blackfeet believe this; also the Sarces, Stonies, Atsinas and Crees. The Crees, after death, will go to the Sandhills further north. There will still be fighting between the Crees and the Blackfeet in the other world. Dogs and horses go to the Sandhills, too; also the spirits of dead buffaloes. We hand these beliefs down to our children. We point out to our children various places where Napi, the Great Spirit, slept, or walked, or hunted; and thus our children remember.

To-day the majority of the Canadian Indians are Christians. Of the one hundred thousand Indians in the Dominion, nearly ten thousand are pupils in the 281 schools set apart for their instruction. Many Indians have become progressive farmers. In the Province of Ontario they cultivate over 50,000 acres, and last year raised nearly half a million bushels of grain, besides other farm produce. By their fish and fur sales alone the Indians throughout Canada raise yearly a million and a half of dollars.

Let us look at one of their wigwams. Not one of those to be seen on the outskirts of any of the prairie towns, but one in the northern forests far from the presence of the white man, on the slopes that lead down to Hudson's Bay. It will take us a little out of our way, but we shall be repaid by the knowledge that we have seen the red man's dwelling unmarred by white influence. It is May by the calendar, but spring is still far away.

We are in the depths of a forest of spruce and balsam, with a sprinkling of birch and aspen. The ground between the trunks of the trees is of dazzling whiteness, beside which the green of the firs looks black. All round is a tangle of trees standing or fallen. Where we are it is somewhat more open, and bears evidence of having been used as a camping ground. Stumps just showing above the snow and bearing



WIGWAM.

marks of the axe speak of many a good camp fire. Snow-shoe tracks show where the Indians have been for firewood, or to visit their snares and traps. At this hour we are sure to find them in their wigwams. Here is one just in front of us. It is a cone or sugar-loaf, ten feet high to the apex where the poles cross,

and then project two or three feet beyond. It is about fourteen feet in diameter at the ground. Five-sixths of this cone from the ground is covered with deerskins or birch bark, cotton or sailcloth, with a deep, soft outer covering of moss, leaving the top open for the smoke. Round this tent, hung on the trees or on poles, you see snowshoes, tapanasks or toboggans, perhaps some fur and other articles which you would expect to see in a wardrobe or larder. But, come in to get warm; it is no joke standing here, with the thermometer away down. We are sure of a welcome. What is that? Don't be afraid. Just give a kick or a stroke with your stick. No; they are not wolves, only dogs. They are useful for hauling or hunting, but it is little in the way of thanks that they get from their masters. Poor fellows! They are used to being beaten, and, for all their show of ferocity, will crawl away if you show a determined front.

Now, then, stoop low; lift up that hanging flap of blanket, and enter! Ah, yes; but the dog has shunk in between your legs! At once there is a shout of "*wuluwee!*" (get out), and a grabbing for sticks, lighted or not, no matter, with which to belabor him. Never mind the smoke in your eyes. Sit, kneel or squat on the brush floor, or on the skin which the host spreads for you. When the door-flap is adjusted it is not so bad; most of the smoke will go straight out at the top.

Well, it is fairly warm in here, if not very clean or comfortable. You must not expect cleanliness with six to ten persons living in the tent, and the weather so cold that they hate to go outside to do any house-

hold work. Skinning, cleaning, cooking game, eating and washing up, as well as personal toilet, all goes on within the wigwam. Too often the floor is scullery, sink and refuse heap. The dogs, however, do not allow much to lie there long.

But you cannot complain of a lack of welcome. The owner of the tent is not talkative, but he means his "what cheer," which his forefathers adopted from the Hudson's Bay sailors. He probably adds: "*Ne sikelasin*" ("I am glad to see you.")

How many people are there in the wigwam? Let us see. There is the old man and his wife, his son, with wife and children, three boys and two girls. Besides, there is a funny, chrysalis-looking object, laced up and strapped to a board, with only a fat face, and two black, beady eyes showing. That is the baby, in its moss bag and cradle. The old man can read, and so can the older children. Wrapped up in moose skin, they have Bible and prayer-books and hymn books. They are all Christians. In fact there is not a heathen Indian within five hundred miles of Hudson's Bay.

WINNIPEG.

Here we are at Winnipeg, where the forests end and the prairies begin. With thousands of miles of river, navigation to the north, south and west, and with railways radiating in every direction, Winnipeg has become the commercial metropolis of the Canadian northwest.

THE FOREST REGION.

We have left prairie land behind us. Now we enter the eastern division of the Dominion. It extends

from Ontario to Nova Scotia. It contains the greater part of the wealth and population. It is the forest section.

As we pass through the Rainy River district we see few evidences of the presence of man. Vast, unbroken woods stretch mile upon mile. The streams we cross are running north-east to join the Albany River and fall into James' Bay. Now we are at the height of land. The waters begin to run south to Lake Superior, the greatest fresh water lake on earth. It is a land of streams. They furnish highways for the saw logs and will soon furnish power for the saw mills and the pulp mills rapidly being established at centers like Rat Portage.

We have reached Fort William. Here in the days of the Hudson's Bay Company, the factors, traders and voyageurs used to meet once a year to settle accounts, feast and plan the work for the coming year. The fur house of the old fort is now the engine house or the great coal docks and the capacious elevators. Here are stored the crops of the North-West for shipment by lake and canal to Buffalo and Montreal.

As the the C. P. R. steamers are not running yet, we continue by railway round the head of Lake Superior. Bordering the line the region seems a waste of rocks, the rubbish of a world. But a few miles north the endless, unbroken forest holds the ground.

Richer and more enduring in value than the gold mines of the Yukon are the forests of Ontario and Quebec. In felling timber and rafting it, fifty thousand men are constantly employed, while hundreds of vessels are busy carrying Canadian logs, lumber and square timber to the ends of the earth.

THE USE OF SNOW.

Did you ever ask yourself what is the use of snow? Many answers may be given. In the forest regions we can see at once its enormous value. Snow is the only possible roadway in the mountain forest and in the lowland wood. Snow is the railway which Nature lays down every winter from the foot of every pine tree to the river that, when the ice breaks up, carries the logs to the saw mills in the centers of the lumber industry.

A VISIT TO THE NICKEL MINES.

At Sudbury we stop to pay a visit to the famous nickel mines.

Look at this long, narrow piece of shining metal. It came out of one of the Copper Cliff mines. Surely, there is gold in it, and silver, too? No, but it contains ores almost as valuable. It is a specimen of the nickel and copper ore that has made Sudbury famous. In no other part of the world is nickel to be found in such quantities.

Take up the specimen, examine it closely. What looks like gold in it is really copper; and what looks like silver is a rarer metal, nickel. An alloy of two and a half per cent of nickel doubles the strength of steel.

Wherever strength and tenacity are required, as in armor for battle ships, in bridges and rails and in great guns, nickel must be employed.

Now notice those faint greenish lines running through the metal. They indicate sulphur. This is burned out on the great roasting beds that we shall take a look at presently. There is iron in this speci-

men, too; but you can hardly detect its presence by the eye.

These nickel mines and their surroundings are worth inspecting. There is no gas to be feared. The air is fresh and pure. On the surface, smelters are at work night and day. Far down below, men are drilling into the heart of the rock, charging, touching the fuse, and then clearing out until a voice cries from some safe corner: "All over." Then the drilling goes on again. The skips laden with ore race up and down. The feeders bend to their work, shovelling now ore, now coke, into the great furnaces. The flames leap, roaring for more. The ore and coke buggies roll incessantly, dumping as fast as the furnace men can attend to them. There is not an idle moment.

SAULT SAINTE MARIE.

Now let us take the branch line of the C. P. R. to the "Soo" as the Sault Ste. Marie people call their town.

A few years ago the town was on the verge of bankruptcy. In order to attract manufacturing industries it had saddled itself with a large debt, incurred in building a waterpower canal. The people were discouraged. Property was being sold for taxes. Citizens who could, left the place. How different is the position to-day! To what is the change for the better due? To the advent of J. H. Clergue, a New Englander from the State of Maine. The story of what he has accomplished reads like an extract from the "Swiss Family Robinson."

Mr. Clergue and his associates bought the water-

power canal at its cost to the town. With Lake Superior for a mill-pond there is no danger of drought. He enlarged the canal to a capacity of twenty thousand horse-power, and contracted to supply the town with electric power and light.

Still, most of the power was running to waste. What could he do with it? There were thickly wooded uplands. Could not something be done with them? What were the trees? Spruce mostly, What is spruce good for? Pulp for making paper. He sent an army of choppers into the woods to cut down the trees. He set his power in motion. Huge grindstones revolved, gripping the spruce logs, and grinding them into a pulpy mass. This was shipped away to the paper mills.

But fifty per cent. of the pulp consisted of Lake Superior water, and paying freight on it was not a good investment. Could he not keep this water at the Soo, and ship the pulp dry? After many experiments he invented a process for drying the pulp.

He built a foundry and machine shops to carry out his invention; and today the Soo pulp mills are not only the largest in the world, but they are the only mills on the continent in which dry pulp is manufactured.

But mechanical pulp is the crudest form of paper making material. It can be utilized in the manufacture of only the coarsest grades of paper. To produce higher grades it must be blended with chemical pulp. But sulphur, the main ingredient in the manufacture of chemical pulp, would have to be imported, and Mr. Clergue had resolved to import nothing.

He happened to hear that the nickel and copper ore of the Sudbury mines contained a large per centage of sulphur, which was being absolutely wasted in the course of treatment adopted by the Canada Copper Company. He secured samples of the ore. He experimented. At last he discovered a method of producing ferro-nickel steel, and as a by-product, sulphuric acid and sulphurous anhydride.

Upon this discovery he bought the Gertrude nickel mine near Sudbury. Now he had an ample supply of ore for ferro-nickel steel and of sulphuric acid for making chemical pulp.

He built a sulphite mill. There the sulphur saved goes to make the raw material required in the manufacture of chemical pulp; and also produces sulphuric acid, sulphurous anhydride and sulphurous acid, all three marketable products.

His ferro-nickel steel was sent to manufacturers, and proved so superior to every other grade in the market that the great Krupp firm contracted to buy all he could possibly turn out.

Finding that the percentage of nickel in the steel made by him was much higher than called for in his contract, he cast about for an iron ore to smelt with the nickel.

He discovered at Michipicoton, within easy reach of the Soo, deposits of red and brown hematite iron, probably the largest in the world.

This was the very thing he required.

He acquired the property in which the lodes lay. He opened the mines, built docks for the shipment of the ore, and barges for its conveyance to the Soo.

He erected blast furnaces, with an output of over a thousand tons a day, and giving employment to three thousand men.

But in the winter the barges are useless. There must be a railway to bring the ore down.

That railway is being built. Soon it will tap Hudson's Bay. There seagoing steamers will bear the products of his pulp mills and blast furnaces and sulphite mills to the markets of Europe.

The government of Canada has made him ample land grant; and he has undertaken to settle ten thousand farmers and agricultural laborers every year upon farms laid out along the route of his railway.

HOW PULP IS MADE.

In August the wood crews, from six hundred to seven hundred men, are sent into the forest. The trees are cut down and skidded in piles. When snow comes, the logs are drawn from the skidways, and laid upon the ice covering the larger streams. In spring the logs are steered to the lake shore, where they are bound together and towed in rafts of about five thousand cords each. At the mill each log is sawn into lengths of twenty-four inches. It then passes to the barker, the sharp revolving knives of which soon strip it of its covering. The bark is blown to the boiler house, and furnishes the steam for drying the manufactured pulp. The stock next passes through water to free it of all impurities, and is then carried to the grinders to be separated into small fibres.

The wet pulp passes into a metal receptacle, and is caught up and evenly distributed on a revolving blan-



ket, from which it passes between metal rollers, which subject it to a pressure of 500 pounds to the square inch. After emerging from the rollers it is fifty per cent. water and fifty per cent. pulp. It then passes over a steam-heated metal drum, and is rolled on a spindle, a continuous sheet of thin, dry, pressed pulp, resembling coarse wrapping paper.

We are back again on the main line of the C. P. R. Three hundred miles to the south of us lie the cities of Toronto, Hamilton and London; centers of commerce, manufacture, and of higher education. But we cannot visit them. We hasten on to Mattawa and the Highlands of Ontario. From Mattawa a two hours' run brings us to Lake Temiscamingue, a body of water that stretches for seventy-five miles with a varying width of from one to three miles. It is the great link in the chain of waterways by which all parts of this region are reached. Here, and along the heights back of the Georgian Bay, is the chosen haunt of the moose. The moose likes to see where he is and who are his neighbors. He feels at home in a country well watered by small lakes and streams, with ridges and upheavals, as from these he obtains good views of the surrounding region.

Moose are increasing rapidly, owing to the close season that has been established for some years, and to the protection afforded them by the rangers in Algonquin park.

The park is a wise creation of the Ontario Provincial government. Out of the public domain they have set apart and withdrawn from sale and settlement a block 1,733 square miles, of which 181 are covered by water.

This park consists of hilly and rocky land, covered with forests. It has many streams and lakes abounding in fish. Although equally magnificent cover for game may have been preserved before for royal sportsmen, it has never been preserved, in the Old World, for the "benefit, advantage and enjoyment of the people."

Already the protection afforded to wild animals has been rewarded. There are at least sixty places in the Park where families of

BEAVER

have recently located themselves on waters where they have never before been found.

The beaver is the largest gnawing animal in North America. His body is about three feet long, and his tail nine inches. He weighs, on an average, forty pounds.

He is a great builder—the leading carpenter among animals. He lives in and about streams of water. His house is like a huge bird's nest turned upside down. It is built in lakes or by the edge of dams and ponds, and is from eight to eighteen feet in diameter.

The entrance to the house is generally three feet below the level of the water. The chamber is rather low, about two feet in height, and has two levels. The lower level is a sloping mud bank, where the beaver emerges from the water and shakes himself; the other level is higher and contains the bed of boughs running round the back of the chamber. The couch is made comfortable by linings of dried grass and soft bark. The interior is kept perfectly clean, no refuse of food being allowed to remain.

When the water is not deep enough in the stream, the beavers build a dam to hold the water back, and thus make it deeper. The dam is made of bushes and poles set in the mud, the space between being filled



THE BEAVER.

in with stones and earth. It is two feet wide at the top and thicker below.

If the length is not very great, it is built straight across the stream; but where the channel is broader, and the current swift, the dam curves up-stream, so as to make it stronger. The mud and stones are brought up from the bottom of the stream, and carried by the beaver under its chin in its forepaws. The beaver can gnaw through trunks of trees six and even twelve inches in diameter. After the tree falls, the

beaver cuts it into suitable lengths of six or ten feet, and drags them, one at a time, away to the house or dam.

The beaver uses its broad tail as a help in swimming. Its food consists of the bark of the willow, poplar and birch, and the roots of the yellow pond lily. It feeds in the evening and during the night. At this time it works at house-building. Beavers are so timid and cautious that it is very difficult to watch them. What we know about their habits has been learned chiefly from the Indians.



THE NOTCH OF THE MONTREAL RIVER.

THE MONTREAL RIVER.

Lake Temiscamingue receives the waters of many rivers throughout its length. The largest of these is

the Montreal river. Just before entering the lake it narrows into a seemingly impassable strait called the "Notch."

About thirty miles north of Lake Temiscamingue is the Kippewa river. It flows from Lake Kippewa, falling 300 feet in the nine miles of its length. The falls of the Kippewa are situated three miles from its mouth. Lake Kippewa lies directly east of Lake Temiscamingue. It is dotted with innumerable islets, and its arms spread out in every direction, giving it a coast line of about six hundred miles.

THE FREE GRANT LAND.

In the township around Lake Temiscamingue there is plenty of Free Grant Land. Any man can take up a hundred acres and in three years receive the deeds for his farm from the government, on condition of clearing six acres, building a house and living in it.

Let us take a walk through the bush and get a glimpse of a backwoods farm. We follow the track taken by the cows on their way to and fro between the barn and the rough pasture by the road side. The trees bordering our path are maples, basswood, ash and hemlock. Look down and see those anemones, violets and mocassin flowers.

THE SETTLER'S HOME.

The trees are beginning to thin out. Now we have come to a clearing. The log shanty perched upon a knoll is the settler's home. Near by is a tiny barn. A few acres are fenced in, and are under cultivation. At first sight, stumps appear to be the crop; certainly there are hosts of them. But, look, they are decay-

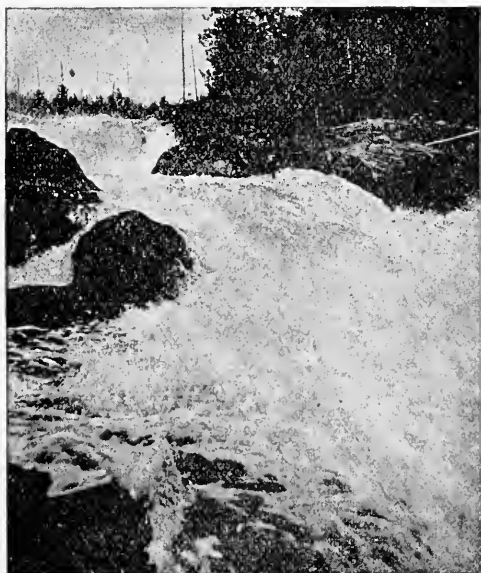
ing; their hearts are powdery dust. Soon they will disappear.

See, there is the owner of the farm plowing among the stumps with a yoke of oxen. Horses have not patience enough for the frequent stoppages caused by the plow-point getting entangled in the roots. The soil is easily worked. It is black, loose and fertile. It will reward the farmer's labor with from twenty-five to forty bushels of wheat to the acre.

Let us ask the farmer for a drink of water. He will tell us what we want to know.

THE SHANTY.

The farm house, or shanty, is very simple. There is not a single nail in it, or a piece of iron in any form



UPPER HALF OF BIG CHUTE, KIPPEWA RIVER.

whatever. The axe was the only tool employed in building it. So the farmer tells us.

Four sides of great logs, laid at right angles to each other at the corners, form the walls. The front is one log higher than the rear. The roof is made of bass wood logs, split in the center and scooped out with the axe. There is a door cut out in front, and a window large enough for four small panes of glass. The door and the hinges of it, and the floor, were all made with the axe by the settler, out of white basswood, split and made into thin planks. The seams of the walls are filled with chinking, over which is a thick covering of clay inside and out. The cooking stove serves also to heat the house. Wood, of which there is a superabundance, forms the fuel. On shelves are cups and plates. A cheap clock ticks cheerily. A large Bible lies on the window ledge. A picture of the Queen and an almanac adorn the whitewashed walls. Screened off by curtains made of woven basswood bark are the beds of the family. A table and some stools complete the furniture. Outside, the barn is like the house, except for the chinking and clay filling between the logs. There is a loft for hay, and a manger of basswood, axe-hollowed, for the oxen. This is the pioneer's homestead. Where are his family?

MAPLE SUGAR.

Look at that ox-wagon coming slowly towards us. Nobody seems to be driving. Ah, but look again. On a board in front sits a woman with a long gad in her hand. She has no reins, but she is the driver. The words: "Haw Buck," or "Gee Bright," guide the

oxen to right or left. Behind the woman are three or four children. They are coming home, their faces smeared with taffy and bits of dead leaves. They have been making maple syrup. The great cauldron or kettle in the wagon is half full of it; and so are the children.

In the morning that great cauldron or kettle was empty, they tell us. By the combined strength of the household it was hoisted into the wagon. Tapping gouges, spiles and troughs were added to the load. Then the mistress of the log house and the children, baby and all, crowded onto the rough vehicle drawn by a yoke of oxen. Laughing and shouting at the prospect of plenty of sugar, taffy and maple syrup, the party set out for the bush.



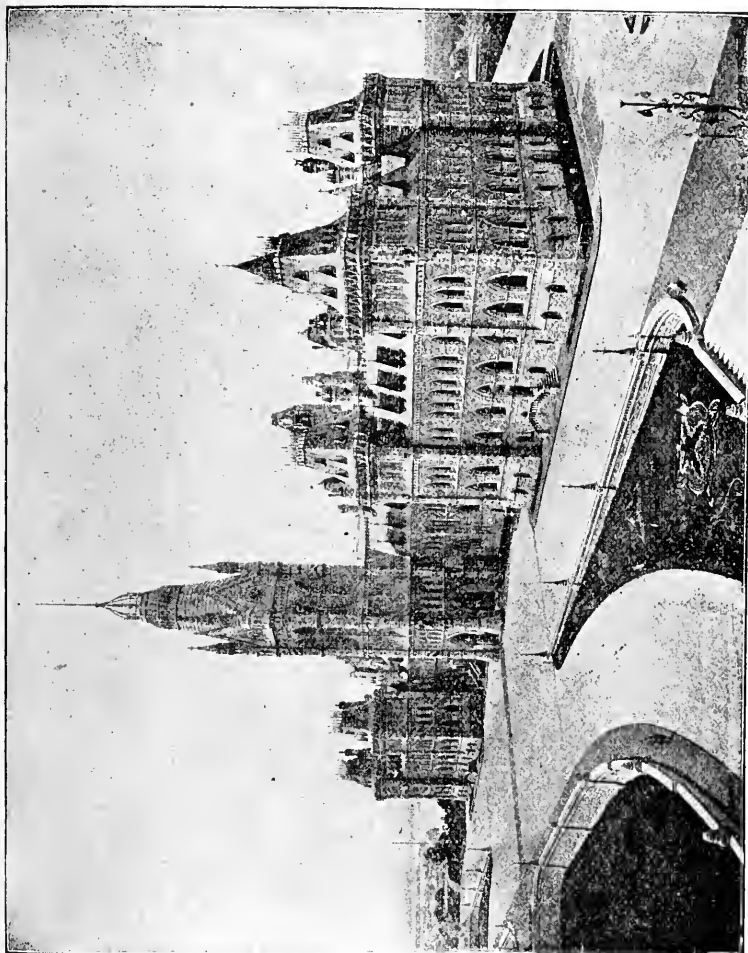
NATURAL CANAL, LAKE KIPPEWA.

The night before had been a little frosty, they said, but the morning sun was bright and hot. When the axe was struck into the maple, how the sap gushed out! But first the kettle had been hung over a pole, and a fire of logs built under it. By the time the fire was ablaze, the buckets were half full of sap. How the little ones screamed with delight, as each with a tiny pail ran from tree to tree, gathering the sweet



CAMPING.

sap and emptying it into the cauldron. Soon steam began to rise. The sap began to change color. Then the children stopped carrying from the trees to watch the thickening sap in the kettle. At last their hopes were crowned. Skimmers, cups, plates were thrust in. Each tasted the sweet reward of toil. Now they were home again, tired and sleepy and happy.



MAIN BUILDING, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA

OTTAWA.

We bid our settler friends farewell, and walk back to the station. In the morning we find ourselves in Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. It is with some difficulty that we are able to get rooms at the Russell House, for Parliament is sitting, and many of the members have their quarters here during the session.

Ottawa owes its importance chiefly to the fact that it is the capital of the confederated provinces. It lies on the south shore of the Ottawa, just where the great river roars down into the cauldron of the Chaudiere Falls. At this point, also, the Ottawa is joined by its tributary the Rideau river, which flows in over a fall of wonderful beauty. The double, curtain-like falls gave the river its name of "Rideau" or curtain.

The Ottawa river forms the boundary between the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. A suspension bridge unites the English with the French province, one hundred yards below the Chaudiere, or cauldron falls.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

The Parliament buildings, standing on the bluffs of the Ottawa, make a fine display. Few groups of buildings anywhere are so pleasing to the eye. The buildings provide accommodation for the Senate and the House of Commons. The Library stands apart, but so near as to seem, from a little distance, to be one with them.

The eastern, western and southern blocks are departmental buildings. They enclose a vast quadrangle laid out in walks, drives and spacious lawns.

When parliament is in session, as it is now, from the top of the tower of the main building flashes a powerful electric light, visible for twenty miles around.

The chambers for the Senate and for the Commons are alike in size, shape and design. The carpets and upholstery in the Senate chamber are red; those of the House of Commons are green.

In the popular house, galleries extend all round the chamber. Visitors are always welcome, they say: let us see if it be so.

Canada is a self-governing nation. She can tax herself, and levy taxes as heavy as she chooses, upon the imports of any country, Great Britain included. All the taxes raised in Canada are spent in Canada, for the benefit of Canada.

For a measure to become law, it must be passed both by the Senate and the House of Commons, and must receive the assent of the Crown. This is signified by his Majesty's representative, the Governor-General.

The members of the House of Commons, 213 in number, are elected for a term of five years. The members of the Senate, 81 in number, hold office for life. They are appointed nominally by the Crown, but really by the party in power.

A VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

But let us make our way up the hill to the House of Commons. We are courteously received and ushered into a gallery exactly opposite the Speaker. He is chairman of the House. In front of him, on a handsome table, lies a glorified badge of office, called the

mace. While that lies on the table, business may proceed. When it is not there, nothing can be done.

To the right of the Speaker sit the members of the ministry. They are the leaders of the party in power. Their chief is called the premier. A French-Canadian, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has held the position since 1896. He is a self-made man. By pluck and perseverance he earned the money to put himself through college, and to be called to the bar. With his foot once upon the ladder he rose steadily. To-day he is the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, virtual ruler of Canada.

The Governor General has a two-fold responsibility. He is the political head, under whom Canada governs herself; and he is the social head, under whose lead and example Canada tries to enjoy herself. His official residence is a large, rambling mass of buildings, named Rideau Hall. It stands among its gardens and grounds about two miles down the river from the House of Parliament.

EDUCATION.

There is a public school within a mile of every farm. The men who rule Canada to-day are, almost without exception, farmers' sons who have pushed their way to the front. On education every province in the Dominion spends sums exceedingly large when compared with the total revenue. The schools and the collegiate institutes are free, not as a gift from the rich to the poor, but because they are paid for by the people.

Agricultural colleges, paid for out of the taxes, are found in every province. Skilled instructors are sent yearly into every township to show the farmers and their wives the best and most modern methods in dairying, cheese-making, fruit growing and tillage.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

In winter the skating and curling rinks, and dizzy toboggan slides of Rideau Hall are freely shared with the public.

The toboggan is the product of the Red Indian's untutored mind. While travelling over the snow on shoeshoes, he drags along his provisions, papooses and treasures on a toboggan. The toboggan is made of flat hardwood boards, a quarter of an inch in thickness. Its average width is eighteen inches, and length eight feet. The bow is turned up and back to throw off the loose snow. Along the edges run light rods which serve as handle and stays, to which cross-pieces are bound to hold the boards together. The under side is polished to a high degree of smoothness, and the upper side is comfortably padded. Stout thongs made fast to the top of the curved bow are used to draw it, and sometimes to guide it. Any snow-clad hill serves for

TOBOGGANING

if there is a long level at its foot clear of obstructions, over which the toboggan can career after its plunge down the steep slope. The perfection of tobogganing is found on the artificial slides which are raised to a dizzy height, with a wide, [deep trough, coated with snow and ice, pitching towards the ground at a fear-

ful angle. As the foot is approached the slope becomes more gentle until it is worked off to the level that stretches for perhaps half a mile beyond. Wooden steps are built up to the platform at the top of the slide where the start is made. The toboggan dress is much the same as that worn by snowshoers, fur cap, or red and blue toque, blanket coat and sash, fur mittens and buckskin moccasins.

The toboggan is good for one passenger, better for two, and best for three, as the momentum of a heavy load carries it fast and far. The post of danger and delight is, of course, the front seat. This is always given to a lady, because a man must be at the back to steer with hand or foot.

It is not every girl who will trust herself for the first time to the slide, but after persuasion from her escort and assuring words from older hands, she is carefully tucked in; and grasping the rods at each side, off they go before she can change her mind. Death, certain and sudden, seems before her. She shuts her eyes; her breath is gone, the keen air stings. The snowdrift smites her cheeks like hail. The whirlwind roars about her. The rush of the toboggan over the ice and snow shrieks like the scream of a rocket. But when four or five hundred feet are passed over in one second, the terrifying conditions soon change. The noise becomes less. The wind is not so cutting. The sense of dropping through the air has ceased. The novice ventures to open her eyes and to draw her breath. How lovely it all is now. Shooting along on the level snow, past the firs bending under the weight of their winter mantle, among the laughing groups, returning to climb

the stairs again, all the terror of a moment ago is forgotten in the sense of safety and triumph. Will she take another turn? Of course she will, and still another, and always another, until the party breaks up.

That is how the courteous Speaker of the House of Commons described to us this favorite Canadian winter sport.

RUNNING A TIMBER SLIDE.

We cannot toboggan without snow, and we are in May. But there is a kind of summer tobogganing within our reach, more thrilling, perilous and novel than the other. It is the descent of the timber slides.

The lower town of Ottawa is a hive of industry. It is one mass of sawmills and of factories for turning out everything that was ever made of wood. To Ottawa from the far-off forests are floated the huge rafts of saw logs and squared timber that have been cut down during the winter. Now the rafts cannot be sent over the falls without much loss from the merciless grinding and battering which they would receive. Alongside of the falls, therefore, slides are built. These are long, flat-bottomed, sharply sloping channels of massive stone work and timber. The raft is taken to pieces. The great logs are made up for the descent into "cribs" of about twenty sticks, exactly filling the slide. As they are but slightly fastened together, there is always the chance of a break-up. The pace of the descent is suggestive of falling from a balloon. Come along!

Here is a crib making ready. May we come aboard?

The answer is in French; but the look and gesture say: "Come and welcome." Where are we to sit? Here we are on the highest timber in the rear of the crib. Off we go!

With huge oars the raftsmen steer the crib towards the entrance of the slide, a quarter of a mile away.

Now we begin to feel the current. Our speed is every moment increasing. Now we are in the slide. We are rushing beneath a bridge. The people on it are waving their hands and handkerchiefs to encourage us, we suppose. But we have no time to think. The water is surging through the timbers at our feet. A shower of spray falls over us. There is a smooth rush, a gleam of tossed and tumbled water and with a wild dip which sends the water spurting up about us, we are below the falls, and are towed in to a landing place.

We have run a slide.

CANADIAN CHILDREN.

The English-speaking children of Canada are very much like the children of the States in appearance but they seem more active, vigorous and healthy. They are straight, well formed, strong and rosy-cheeked.

The cold weather does not keep them in the house. They enjoy their winter weather with its months of snow and ice, more than the summer time. Their winters, while long and severe, provide them with their greatest enjoyment.

There are no sudden changes of weather, no fogs, or dismal rainy days, with fogs, and slush, and sleet,

and leaden skies. The winter days are clear and bright and the air is dry. The cold is bracing and inspires them to active out of door exercise. Their favorite games and amusements are the ones that take them out of doors—as skating, tobogganing, sleighing, snowshoeing and ice boating and lacrosse.

The older people join in these pastimes with quite as much enjoyment as the children, and as a result the winter in Canada is a very lively season.

The first snow, which is sure to come before Christmas, is hailed with delight and is the signal for all kinds of fun.

Almost every Canadian boy and girl owns a pair of moose-skin or doe-skin moccasins and a pair of snow shoes. The moccasin is a cross between a shoe and a stocking, and takes the place of both. It protects the snowshoer's feet from the cold as he glides over the ice and snow on his snow shoes.

Some of the children of Canada think of snowshoeing as a sport, others as a necessity. In some parts of the country one is obliged to use snowshoes, or not go about at all. The railways become snowed up, and villages snowed in. The ice is covered so deep that skating or driving is impossible. The crust on the snow is not deep enough to hold even a human being, who wears only ordinary shoes or boots.

So snow shoes are necessary. They were used by the Indians long before white people came to Canada, and every Indian man and many of their women possess them.

The snowshoe is usually over three feet long and a foot and a half wide at its widest part. The frame

work is of hickory strips and the shoe is fastened to the foot with thongs of deer skin. The heel is left free but the toe fits into a place made for it at the front of the shoe. These shoes look light, but the lightest pair weighs almost two pounds. The Indians decorate their snowshoes very gaily. The Canadians ornament theirs with tassels of red wool.

Lacrosse is the national game in Canada, just as baseball is with us. It is played with rackets, something like tennis rackets. The ball is tossed between two goals, as in foot ball. Much skill is displayed in catching the ball on the rackets. Great crowds gather to watch the contest between the different clubs, and the boys and men become just as enthusiastic and excited as do the people who take part in or watch a base ball game.

Many of Canada's children are well taught as far as book lessons go, and many are not. But almost all are taught good manners, and there are no better bred children in the world. They are loyal too, and sing their patriotic songs with as much fervor and earnestness as any of our boys and girls sing their national songs.

The Canadian boy is quite as fond of fire crackers as his republican neighbor, but he fires them on "Dominion Day" instead of the 4th of July. This is the great holiday in Canada, as it marks the day that Canada became a distinct part of the British Empire.

MONTREAL.

From Ottawa we can reach Montreal either by rail or by water. We have had enough of the cars for a

while, so we board the steamer. We shall make the run, they tell us, in ten hours.

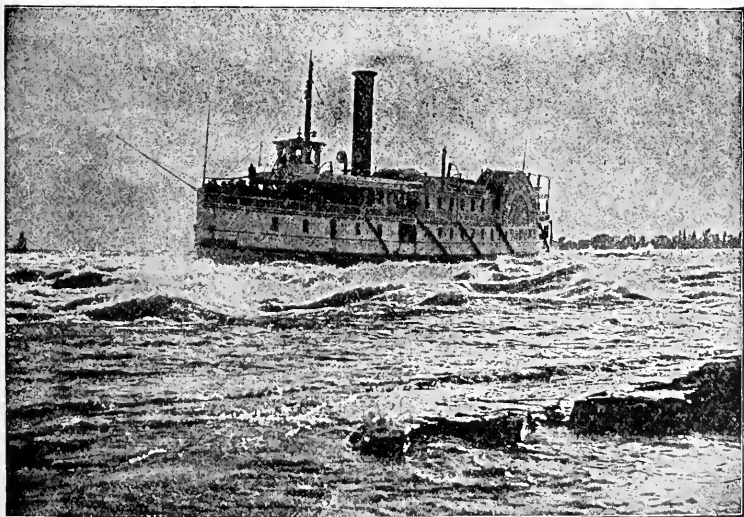
There is no monotony on this trip. The river rolls its brown tide between the stern Laurentian hills; over rapids, through wide, many islanded reaches. We overtake, and pass fleets of roomy barges, piled high with yellow planks, and towed by gasping steam tugs.

At Grenville we leave the steamer and take the train for Caillon to avoid the great rapids. There are canals, it is true, but they seem to be used only for freight traffic.

At Caillon we board another steamer. At St. Anne, by a short canal of one lock, we skirt a dangerous rapid. Now we are at

LACHINE.

We cross from the dark waters of the Ottawa to the



IN LACHINE RAPIDS.

blue stream of the St. Lawrence. To the left, five miles away, looms the mountain above Montreal. But everybody rushes to the bow of the boat. "Keep your places; balance the boat," shouts the captain. What is the matter? We are in the Lachine rapids. Before us is a wild turmoil of dashing waves, thrust back from the brown rocks whose smooth, shelving layers flash on every side. There is no pathway visible. And there is no time to pause. We are hurried on headlong by the force of the mighty river. Touch but one of these rocks, and the vessel would be splintered to matches before we had time to scream. But the pilot keeps her head straight—or crooked is it? Anyway, the five miles are done in as many minutes, it seems; and we are floating on the calm unruffled stream below the rapids.

Under the central arch of the Victoria Jubilee bridge we pass, and tie up in the steamer's berth at one of the busy wharves of Montreal.

Beside us lie steamships from all the seven seas, unloading their far-brought treasures into the vast warehouses along the docks. The air smells of the salt sea though the sea is yet more than a hundred miles away. It must be the ropes and sails that exhale the odor of the brine.

Here comes a swarm of cabs, one-horse cabs, every one of them. The drivers are French-Canadians, but they can hail us in English. We take one, and go off at a rattling pace, up hill to the Windsor Hotel in Dominion Square, a lovely park with churches and lofty buildings bordering it.

To-morrow we shall ascend Mount Royal, and see

what we can see. In the meantime let us read up something about this strange city.

Monreal is the greatest city of Quebec and of the Dominion. If the St. Lawrence could be kept open in winter, it would be one of the greatest cities in the world. It is the meeting place of ocean navigation and a great railroad center. Nearly half of the import and export trade of the Dominion passes through Montreal. Its business firms reach out to the Pacific. The Bank of Montreal is the third largest bank in the world. It is the home of merchant princes, and the center of much wealth.

Here is also the meeting place of the two nationalities of eastern Canada. They meet, but they do not mingle. Race and religion divide them. Yet they live side by side with feelings of mutual respect and good will.

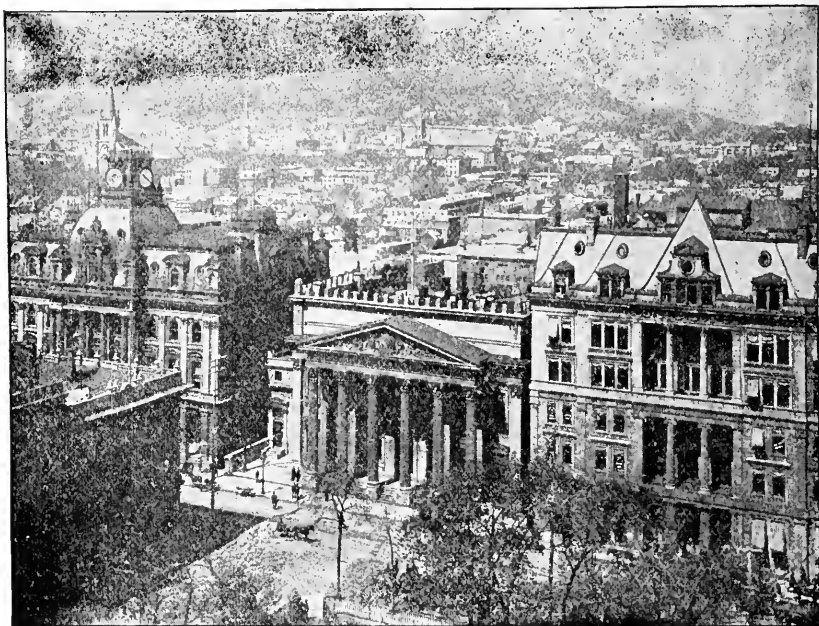
MOUNT ROYAL.

We are at the top of the mountain. It is seven hundred feet high. What a view! On all sides stretches an immense plain, through which the St. Lawrence rolls its azure tide. To the south-west is the valley of the Ottawa. Far away to the south-east rise the Memphremagog Hills. Below is the city, built upon terraces marking the former channels of the river.

From these terraces rise many towers and spires. It is a city of churches, and colleges, and hospitals. The eyes tire in the attempt to count them. Let us go down, What is this body of water on the mountain side? It is the reservoir. From the St. Lawrence

five miles above the city, this water has been brought for the use of the citizens.

At Notre Dame street we leave the electric cars and enter the great church from which the street derives its name.



MONTREAL, FROM NOTRE DAME.

NOTRE DAME.

With the exception of the cathedral in Mexico City, Notre Dame is the largest church in America. It can seat ten thousand people. It is a copy of its great namesake of Paris. Its lofty towers are landmarks. They are over two hundred feet high, and contain a peal of eleven bells.

Christ Church Cathedral, the seat of the Anglican bishop, is a perfect example of Gothic architecture. Tablets on the walls record the names and the achievements of men who have served their country well.

BONSECOURS MARKET.

Let us go down by the river side. Here are not only the great English warehouses, but the French market place. It is called Bonsecours Market. Here we see French Canada as it is. Here is the French gesture and the French shrug, but the high pitched French voice is here mellowed to a softer note.

There is a good deal of haggling; for the merchant has no fixed price for his wares. But the haggling is courteous, and is enjoyed by all concerned. At a little distance stands the Place Viger hotel, a handsome structure worthy of the Canadian Pacific.

Close by is the church of Notre Dame De Bonsecours. It is old and plain; but the votive offerings hanging from the roof inside tell of many a heart struggle in bygone days. Here and there, done in silver, hangs the model of a ship. The wife of the sailor had vowed it if he came back safe from the terrors of the Gulf, or from the hazards of the sea. The sailor and his wife are both a century dead, but here still hangs the token of love and faith.

QUEBEC.

We left Montreal last night on the steamer "Montreal" of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company. This morning, on waking, we find ourselves at the company's wharf below the cliffs of Quebec, the

city founded in 1608 by Samuel de Champlain, soldier, sailor, statesman and Christian.

Above us looms the Rock of Quebec, with its fantastic pile of steeples and its ramparts bristling with cannon, useless now, except as relics of battles long ago.

Towering above, gleaming in the sun like a great diamond, stands Cape Diamond, crowned with the



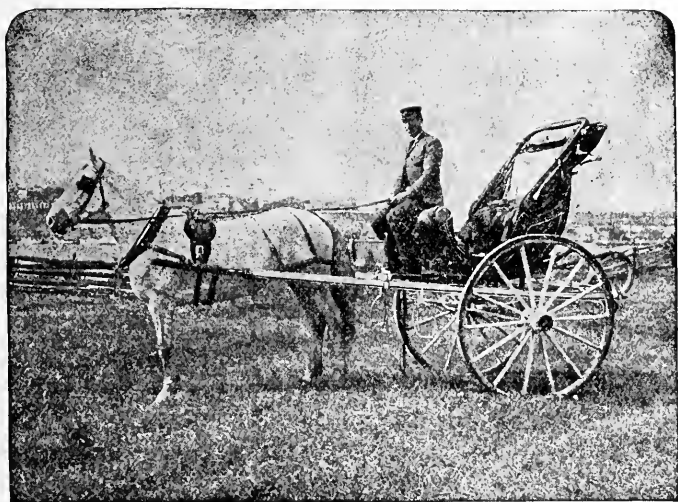
CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.

King's Bastion; and high over all, the Union Jack. Here the fortifications and guns are of the latest type.

THE CALECHE.

Quebec has a population of eighty thousand, mostly cabmen. Let us take one of their cabs, or caleches, as

they are called. The world looks quaint from a calesche; and Quebec quainter, if possible, than it really is. Once in, hold on tightly and keep a brave heart; people are not always upset out of them. The caleche is a two-wheeled vehicle, something like an enormously high jinriksha. Its body is shaped like the bowl of a spoon. It is supported upon two strong leather



A QUEBEC CALECHE.

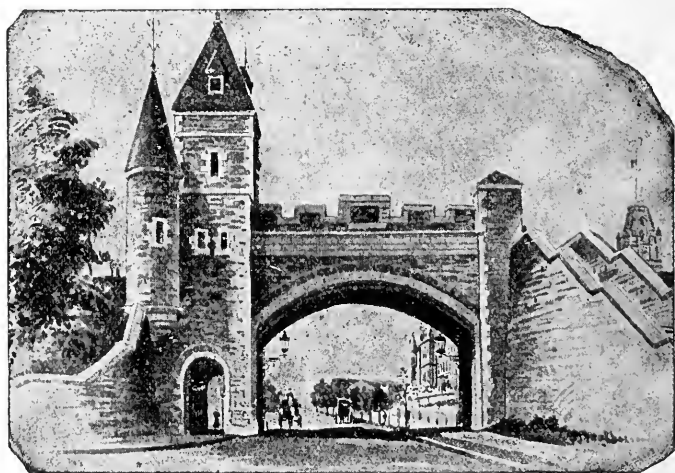
straps, in place of springs. These straps can be loosened or tightened so as to afford you every variety of jolt, from an agreeable rocking motion to an upset.

There is a seat for two passengers, and a place—or rather, no place, for the driver who balances himself somehow over your feet. Wings over the wheels prevent the mud from reaching you.

The horse is small and shaggy. His favorite pace is a gallop, to which the driver continually urges him with the sharp cry "Marche, done!"

Let us drive up Mountain Street to Dufferin Terrace. It lies below the Chateau Frontenac Hotel, but nearly two hundred feet above the river.

Look down at the winding streets of the Lower Town, with its wharves projecting into the stream. On one side are the lofty bluffs of Point Levis, and on the other, the St. Charles river winds away down its peaceful valley. Vessels of all classes and sizes are anchored in the broad basin and the river; and the rich, verdant Isle of Orleans is in mid-stream below. Acre



ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

upon acre of timber comes floating down the stream above the city, and Canadian boat songs just reaching you upon the height. Beyond and above are the bold peaks of the Laurentian range, with Cape Tourmente towering over the river.

We ascend to the Citadel by a winding road leading in from St. Louis street through St. Louis Gate, com-

ing out at last into an open triangular parade overlooked by the loopholes of the Dalhousie Bastion.

St. Louis Gate spans the Grand Allee, the historical road down which Montcalm rode from the Heights of Abraham on that September morning fatal to France.

As we follow the zigzag lines of the ramparts, we can well believe that the fortifications cover forty acres.

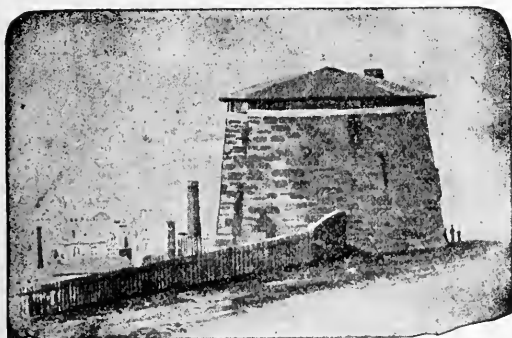
In the Governor's garden is a noble monument to Montcalm and Wolfe. The Obelisk, sixty-five feet high, bears a Latin inscription to the two heroes. Thus the memory of those who fell in fight against each other is united as closely as if they had both died for the same cause.

On the high ground outside the St. Louis Gate, rise the stately Parliament and Departmental buildings of the Province of Quebec.

On the east side of the market square, near the center of the Upper Town, stands the Basilica, the cathedral church of the French population of the city. The finest paintings in Canada adorn its altars. Many of these, we are told, were bought in France at the Revolution period,

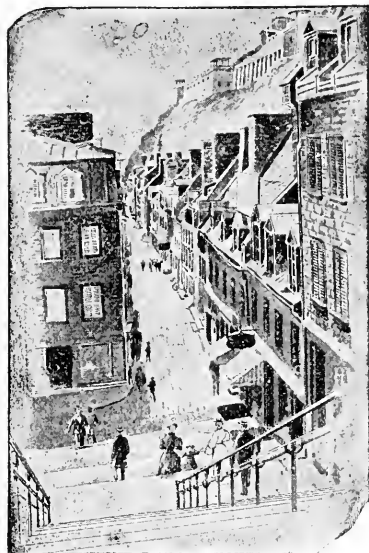
when churches and convents were no longer places of safety.

The Martello Towers are four in number. They were built to protect the



MARTELLO TOWER.

citizens living outside the walls of the town. They are arranged for the reception of four guns each.



LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET.

They are circular in form with walls 13 feet thick towards the country; seven feet thick on the side towards the town.

Little Champlain Street may be taken as a typical street of the Lower Town. It is narrow, precipitous, paved with rough cobble stones, perfectly clean, and lit by electricity, as, indeed, the whole city is, from the power developed by the Montmorenci Falls.

MONTMORENCI FALLS.

We take a drive out to see the Montmorenci Falls. When a mile or two from Quebec, the driver points backwards with his whip, saying: "Behold the silver city!" We turn and look. The afternoon sun shines brightly on the steep, tin roofs, stained by the weather steel gray and grayish green, with patches of dark brown wherever the rust gathers. Under the strong sunlight, the roofs glitter as if made of silver.

Passing a stretch of fields and woodlands, we draw near the falls. We leave our caleche and clamber down the river bank to view them from below. The river here pours over the cliff into the St. Lawrence,

broadening at the edge to about fifty feet, and falling two hundred and fifty feet in a gleaming veil, half water, half spray; not sublime, not even grand, but simply beautiful.

• FRENCH CANADIANS.

The French-Canadian farmers, and outside of the cities they are almost all farmers, cling to the old family customs. South of the St. Lawrence, indeed, they are somewhat influenced by the English settlers of the Eastern Townships. But north of the river the "habitans" plod along exactly as their fathers before them did.

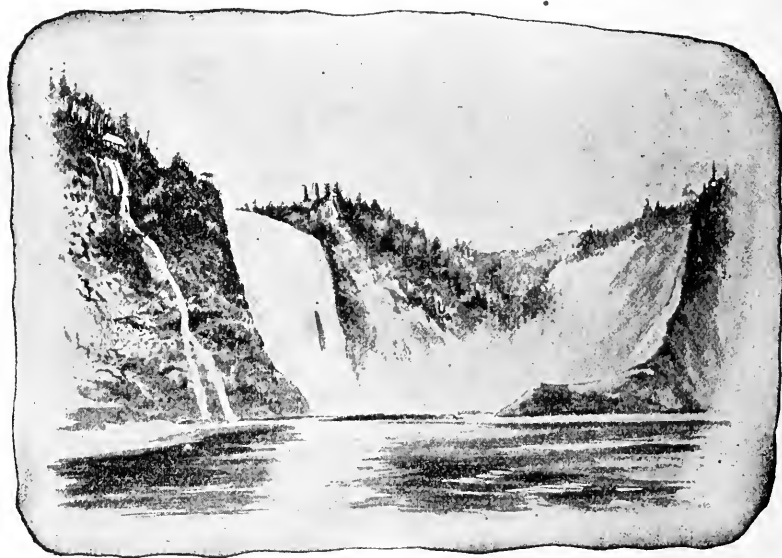
Owing to the custom of dividing the land equally among the children; the farms have become mere ribbons, narrow strips with the river and the roads at opposite ends, affording to each owner access by land and by water to the nearest market.

FARM HOUSES.

French-Canadian farm houses are built of wood or stone, with high, steep roofs, broken by dormer windows. The rooms are low. The rough plank floors are bare, except in the parlors. There you are sure to see a yard or two of bright colored rag carpet in front of the large beds curtained off from the rest of the room. A picture of the Holy Family hangs on the wall; and beneath it a stoup of holy water, with a sprig of spruce for a sprinkler. A few chairs and a bureau complete the furniture of the best room.

The dining room, which is also a bedroom on occasion, has a plain pine table; a few basswood seated chairs and a two-storied stove, large enough to take

in a whole cordwood stick. It serves for both heating and cooking purposes, and projects into the parlor through the partition between the two rooms, warming them both. Under the roof are two or three rough



MONTMORENCI FALLS

unfurnished chambers. Here a bed may be made up for a distinguished visitor.

The barns are low, log buildings with thatched roofs. Here the harvest of hay and grain is stored. Here, too, the cattle and horses are housed during the long winter.

A happier or more contented people than the French-Canadian farmers cannot be found anywhere. They are a social people, delighting to live within sound of the parish church bell. They have an im-

mense number of holy days. On these days all labor is suspended to enable them to attend mass, and the subsequent festivities. Sunday is the happiest day of the week. After service all adjourn to the green-sward upon the river bank to partake of their frugal meal amid raillery and laughter. Then the afternoon is given up to dancing and singing and other innocent amusements. This, of course, is in summer.

They labor no harder than is necessary to provide for their simple wants. They are a self-contained people. Poverty is rare among them. The wives and daughters spin and weave their own linen and woollen cloth wherewith they clothe themselves. Their small farms yield sufficient for the family use. The maple bush supplies sugar and syrup. The nearest stream or lake yields abundance of luscious trout for fast days. Hares and rabbits are snared in the woods. They have little to sell and less still to buy.

They are courteous and polite in their intercourse with each other and with strangers; even the little children bow and courtesy on the road when passing you. They are hospitable in the extreme, and anticipate every wish of the traveller who knocks at their door. Above all they love their native soil.

FRENCH-CANADIANS IN WINTER.

When the long winter sets in, and all labor is suspended, the people abandon themselves to the delights of that social intercourse of which they are so fond. Day and night the snowy roads resound with the lively tinkling of sleigh bells, and the merry laugh and song, as gay parties of old and young wend their way to and from each other's houses.

The less burdened the French-Canadian is with worldly possessions the happier he is. "No cow no care" is his motto. Yet, though Jean Baptiste's clothes may be well patched, he is never in rags. His little house may contain only the bare necessities, but it is white as whitewash, can make it. The children run barefooted, but they get enough to eat to keep them fat and rosy. In the gathering twilight the sound of fiddle or concertina is heard in the land, and light hearts grow lighter to the air of "La Canadienne."

LAKE ST. JOHN.

From Quebec we go to Lake St. John. Sea-like, its wide spread plain of water reaches to the horizon. There are many attractions here for the hunter and the fisherman; but we shall content ourselves with calling in upon the

"MONTAGNAIS."

These dusky, handsome Indians have their reservation here. Once they were a flourishing nation. Two hundred and fifty years ago their alliance was eagerly sought by the French. Together they attacked the Esquimaux in their fort on the island still called after them "Esquimaux Island," and utterly defeated them.

The Esquimaux, or "Eaters of Raw Flesh," retreated to the far north, to Labrador and Greenland, where in 1770 the Moravians followed them, converted and civilized them.

The Montagnais Indians have dwindled until to-day they number at most two thousand.

In the short summer only can we find them at home. In the autumn each family sets off for the woods north-westwards.

The Montagnais place high value upon education. Every one of them can read and write. Where do they learn? In the woods. There there is plenty of leis-



MONTAGNAIS INDIANS

ure time. After visiting their traps and snares, and catching a trout in the stream close by, and cooking their dinner and eating it, there is time still left. They have no society calls to pay or to receive. There is no house to sweep and tidy up. The few dishes are soon washed. Then the father and the mother take out the little books printed in their own language, and set about the task of keeping alive their own knowledge by teaching their children to spell and read and make figures and letters on a piece of birch bark, plucked from the nearest tree. They teach their children their prayers too. For these Montagnais Indians are all Christians.

MAIL SERVICE IN THE WOODS.

Moreover, they have a postal service. What, out in the woods? Yes. True, the delivery is slow; but one cannot have everything.

About the end of October our Indian wants to send news home to the Reservation. He has lost his spelling book; it fell into a river. Or, he wants to tell old granny that his wife, who was sickly when they set out, is well and strong now. Besides, her little grandson is growing to be a famous hunter; he has killed two foxes, and nearly got himself gobbled up by a bear. Would she mind sending him a bottle of Pain Killer and some fishing twine?

All this is written on birch bark, with a pencil, or the point of a thorn. The letter is folded, and stuck into the split in a stick, which is then thrust into the ground in a spot where trees are few. No Indian can pass that without seeing it. He will read the address and if he is going that way, will be its bearer. Two months later, who knows but the writer will find the reply somewhere—a letter telling him where what he asked for has been hidden by another Indian on his way north.

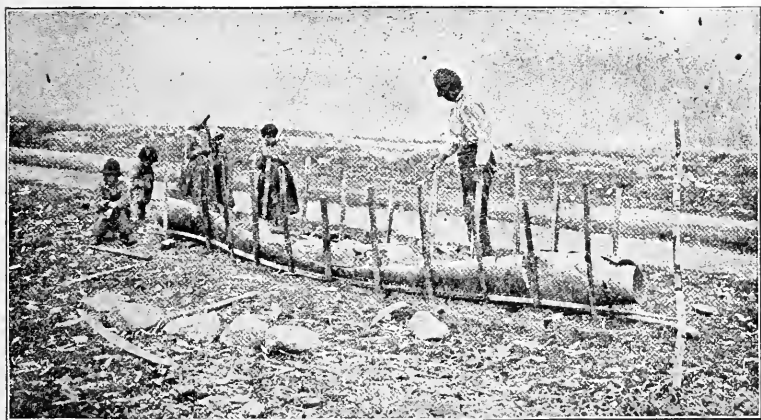
These Montagnais are not eager hunters, but they must live; and before they can roast a deer or a beaver they must skin it. Thus, during the winter they get together a quantity of skins. These they sell at the nearest Hudson's Bay post.

In the summer they return to the reservation, and live under the easy yoke of the chief elected by themselves.

The men dress like the Canadians, but the women—

the squaws—are fond of bright colors, and wear a headdress of red stripes and black, each stripe piped with blue.

Now that tourists have invaded Lake St. John and the Saguenay, our Indians find ready employment



BUILDING THE BARK CANOE.

during the season as hunters and guides, or in making and selling their famous birch-bark canoes.

SAGUENAY.

A two hours' run by rail and we are at Chicoutimi, the head of navigation on the Saguenay river. It is called a river, but it is really an earthquake-cleft chasm sixty-five miles long and from one to two miles wide. The bed of the river—since we must call it so—is 600 feet below the level of the St. Lawrence.

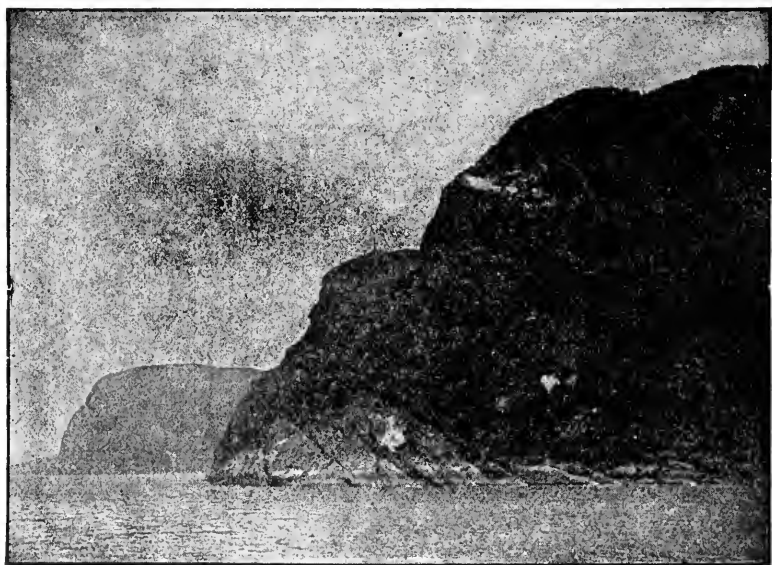
This strange river is a picture of solitude. Even to-day, with a brilliant May sun and clear sky, we sail

for miles and see no sign of life. Not a bird, not even a seagull; not a shanty perched on the cliffs. The water ahead of us is black as tar; churned by the paddles, it becomes a brown foam.

The walls of the chasm are wooded to the very heights, though here and there the hard rock juts out black and bare.

CAPE TRINITY.

Now we are approaching Cape Trinity. Here the cliff has been rent by some mighty force into three divisions, which rise like monstrous steps one above another. A little further down is Cape Eternity. This is a perpendicular shaft of rock rising from the river to a height of 1,500 feet. The top of the cliff, crowned with pines, seems to topple and fall on us as we look.



CAPES ETERNITY AND TRINITY

We stop at Tadoussac. Here can be seen the battery of Jacques Cartier, the early explorer of Canada; the old, weathern-worn hut, once a Hudson's Bay post, and the little Jesuit church, the oldest in America with the exception of the church at St. Augustine, Florida.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Now let us take a little jaunt over into Nova Scotia, the land of Evangeline, of which Longfellow has written. It is one of the most beautiful regions of all Canada, and a famous farming country. Here we will find the most delicious apples grown anywhere in season, and the largest and richest gypsum beds in the world. What is gypsum, do you know? Is there any to be found in the United States?

We must take just a look at Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, and the chief naval station of the British empire in western waters.

Halifax is a city full of turf and trees. It is clustered around the citadel. It has the citadel for a heart and the arms of the sea to embrace it. It has a charmingly laid out park, and delightful villas embowered in the woody banks of "The Arm." The city is enlivened with naval and military pomp. Stately men-of-war ride in the harbor. Scarlet-tunicked Canadians saunter along the streets. We spend a day in Halifax driving through its pleasant thoroughfares. We admire its courthouse and fine old mansions. We go over the seat of the provincial legislature and the supreme court. We wander round its old church, full of monuments to young scions of noble English families, who died in what was then a distant and perilous service.

THE GREEN MARKET.

Next to the fortifications, one of the most interesting features of Halifax is the green market. Here on Wednesdays and Saturdays the country folk sell their wares on the sidewalks by the post-office.

There are Dutch women from the eastern shore with baskets of green crops nourished on the richest seaweeds. There are Nova Scotia women, who have been driving all night to reach the market. They offer with a friendly smile, primrose butter and pearly eggs.

There are lank-limbed countrymen in gray homespun standing beside their loads of vegetables or salt-marsh hay, bashfully courteous of speech.

Here are a pair of French women with baskets of knitted goods.

There squats a negro matron on the pavement, a short black pipe between her lips. She has bananas to tempt us.

The noble red man and his squaw are there. Their merchandise consists of flag and willow baskets, gayly dyed, and porcupine quill boxes. A bronze-tinted papoose looks at us from the birch-bark basket strapped to his mother's back.

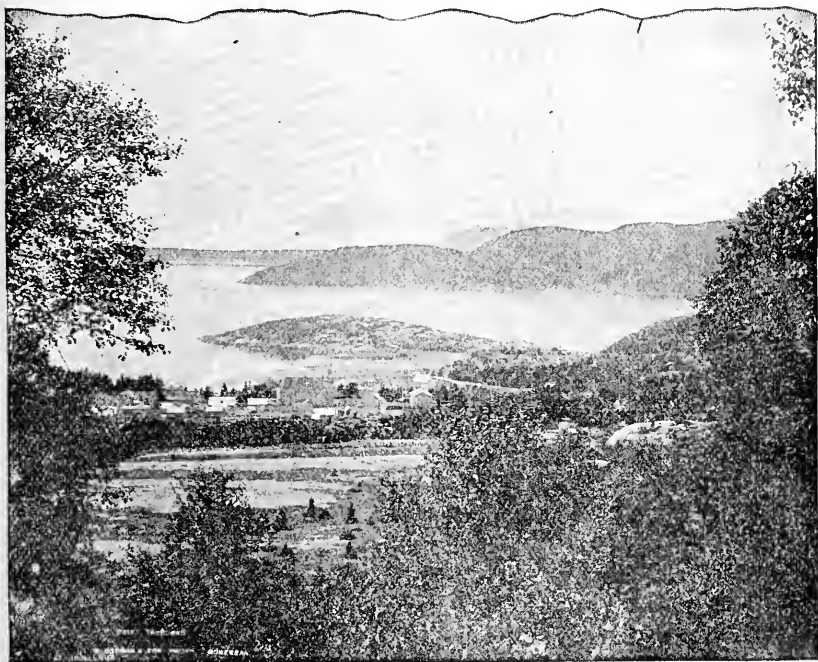
FISHING.

Fishing is an important industry in Canada. Thousands of people in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland are engaged in cod fishing. It was this that first attracted the French to America. All along the shore it furnishes the people their living.

In the last days of May the fishermen along the

coast are making ready to sally out after the cod. As soon as the caplin—a little fish about seven inches in length—appears, the cod appears, following up the vast mass of caplin and feasting on the rich banquet.

Now is the opportunity for the fishermen. Schooners of forty or fifty tons each, manned by a crew of



TADOUSSAC, ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

eight men and three boys, sail for the nearest fishing-ground and cast anchor.

The two light skiffs carried by each schooner are lowered. Two men get into each and row away to the likeliest spot near by.

They throw out their long lines, baited with caplin, haul up the greedy cod, unhook them, and put on fresh bait. When they have caught five or six hundred they row back to the schooner, transfer their catch and return to fish. Theirs is no eight-hour day. They fish from three o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night.

The men on the schooner are not idle. They dress, split, wash, and salt the cod. No part of the fish is wasted. The head is cooked and eaten. The offal and bones are kept to be steamed, dried and ground into fish guano. From the swimming-bladder isinglass is made. The roe is exported to France and used as ground bait in the sardine fishery. The tongue and sounds bring a good price as delicacies. From the liver is extracted cod-liver oil, worth sixty cents a gallon, unrefined.

Three hundred quintals—the quintal weighs 112 pounds—of codfish make a full cargo. The fishermen are content, and sail home. They unload their treasure, wash the salted fish, and spread them out to dry and bleach in the sun. The fish are then graded, and sold on the spot, or shipped to Halifax or Gaspé. Then comes the division of the money: two shares for the schooner; one share each for the eight men, and one-third of a share for each of the boys.

COD-LIVER OIL.

How is the oil extracted from the livers? Very simply. They are thrown into a large barrel—a coal-oil barrel generally. That's all. Those benevolent fairies, the microbes, do the rest. The resulting odor does not

remind you of spring violets, but it is healthy, they tell us. As the livers decay the oil rises to the surface, and is skimmed off and barreled. One quintal of livers produces on an average a gallon of oil.



THE VILLAGE OF GRAND PRÉ.

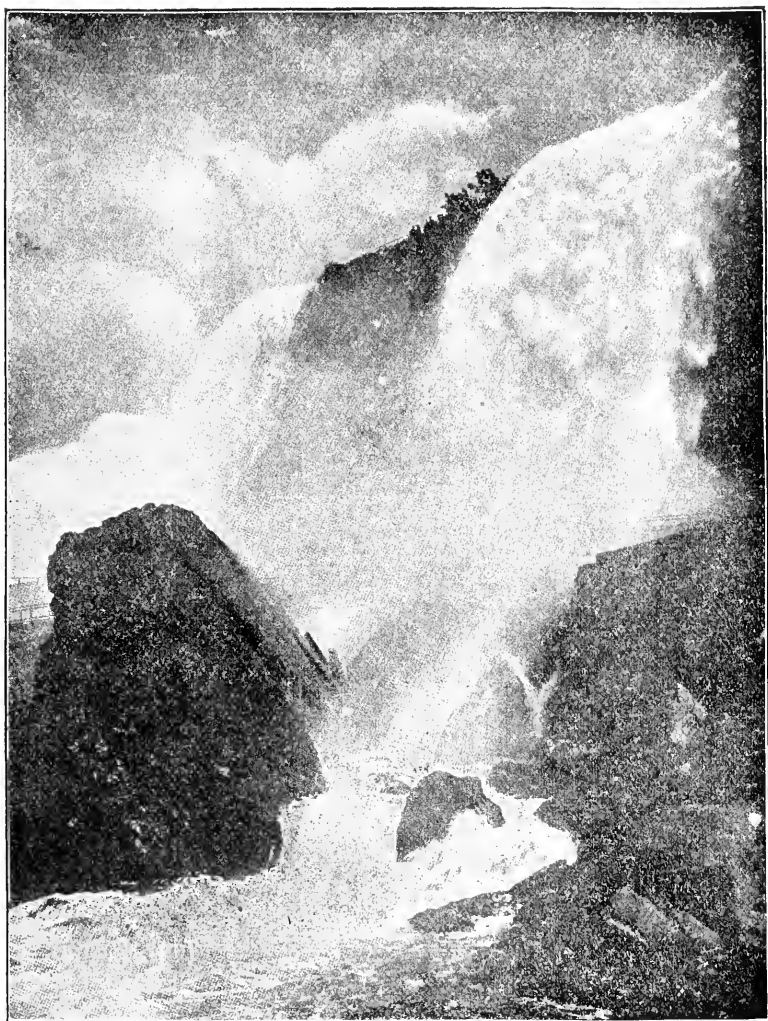
Steamers are just coming into St. John's, Newfoundland, laden with seal skins and blubber. After they unload their cargoes they will return to the Arctic in search of whales. Let us ask this old sailor where they captured these seals. We thought that all the seals came from the Pacific coast islands.

He tells us that the seal is the most common of Arctic sea animals. It supplies food for the Canadian Eskimaux, and the polar bear as well as the Alaskans.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

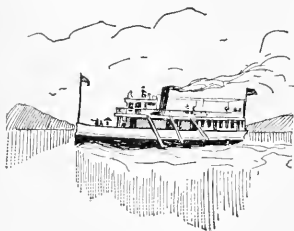
The skins are not so valuable, however, as those of the Alaskan seal. The Labrador seal rear their young on the cakes of ice that drift southward in the Labrador current. The steamers go out to hunt them in the early spring and come back in May or June.



NIAGARA FALLS.

We would like to board one of these stout little vessels and take the northern trip, past the coast of Labrador and Baffins Bay and, yes on up to the North Pole. But the old sailor shakes his head. The Arctic summer would be over before we could return and the sea would be frozen over again, and we would be prisoners, or our vessel would be crushed by the icebergs. Many brave men have lost their lives trying to force their way to the North Pole. We must be content with what we can read of what explorers have said and of what the Indians and the Eskimaux, the hunters and trappers, tell us of the Northland.

Our little journey in Canada is drawing to a close, but we have before us the most pleasant part of the trip—the return voyage up the St. Lawrence to Niagara Falls and through the Great Lakes. But this is a story in itself and must find a place in another book.



TEACHER'S SUPPLEMENT.

A Little Journey to Canada.

The class, or travel club, has now completed the study of Canada, and is ready for a review. In order to make this interesting, let the work be summed up in the form of an entertainment called—

AN AFTERNOON OR EVENING IN CANADA.

For the afternoons abroad, given as geography reviews, or as a part of the Friday afternoon exercises, invitations may be written out by the pupils, or mimeographed or hectographed, and carried to friends and parents.

If given as an evening entertainment and illustrated by stereopticon views, handbills may be printed and circulated, at least a week beforehand. The following form may be used:—

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

A TRIP TO CANADA FOR TEN CENTS.

You are invited by the pupils of the ——— school (or the members of the Travel Class or Club) to spend an evening (or afternoon) in Canada.

The party starts promptly at 1:30 P. M. (or 8 P. M.) the ——. Those desiring to take this trip should secure tickets before the day of sailing, as the party is limited. Guides are furnished free.

The proceeds of this entertainment are to be used in the purchase of a library and pictures for the school.

Geographies, books of travel, magazine articles and newspapers should be consulted until each pupil has his subject well in hand. He should also, where possible, secure photographs, pictures or objects with which to illustrate his talk. At its close these should be placed upon a table, or the chalk tray, that visitors may examine them more closely.

If the entertainment is given in the evening, the teacher may be able to use stereopticon views.

These will prove a very great attraction to both pupils and parents, and should be secured, if possible. The lantern with oil lamp may be easily operated by the teacher while the pupils give the descriptions of the pictures or give talks about the country.

The lantern and slides may be rented for the evening or afternoon at reasonable rates, and the cost covered by an admission fee of from ten to twenty-five cents.

A leader or guide may be appointed to make the introductory remarks, and to announce the numbers of the programme.

Other pupils speak of the journey to Canada, the people, industries, plant and animal life, scenery and social features of the country.

ROOM DECORATIONS.

Decorate the room with branches of the maple and the blackboard with a border of red maple leaves, as these stand for Canada.

Invitations to the exercises may also be cut in the shape of maple leaves. Canada's flag may be draped over the pictures of the Governor General of Canada and King Edward, the sovereign of the Canadian people. Other pictures (suggested elsewhere) may be placed about the room and collections of views of Canada and photographs arranged on the reading tables.

A picture of a toboggan slide, which furnishes one of the most popular amusements of Canada, may be drawn upon the board, and a pair of snow-shoes sketched if a real pair is not to be procured.

If the "Afternoon in Alaska" has not been given follow the plan of room decoration suggested for Alaska. Place fur rugs about the room, and articles manufactured from Canadian furs on the table devoted to Canadian products. Articles used by Canadian Indians and Eskimaux may be shown. Among these will be birch-bark canoes, totem poles, baskets, blankets, bows, arrows, snow-shoes, moccasins, arrow-heads and dolls dressed to represent these people.

Pupils costumed as Canadian Indians may go about and offer Canadian spruce gum, beech and hazel nuts, and little bunches of the May-flower, which blooms in such quantities in Canada.

"A ZOO."

Arrange a picture "Zoo" in one corner of the room by hanging on the walls natural history charts or mounted pictures of the animals found in Canada.

Among these will be found the caribou, moose, bear, fox, martin, otter, mink, musk-rat, timber wolf, lynx, wildcat, porcupine, rabbit, skunk, beaver, reindeer, musk-ox, polar bear, auk, sable, marten, ermine, bison, antelope, jaguar, puma, prairie dog, opossum, rattlesnake, eagle, pelican, wild ducks, pelican turkey, eider duck, salmon, trout, cod, herring, halibut, lobster, whale and walrus.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PROGRAMME.

The closing number of the programme may be a "guessing contest" in which the pupils may be given five or more minutes to write a list of the animals found in the "Zoo." Slips of paper should be passed for this purpose before the beginning of the exercises, but no explanation of the use of the slips should be given. When ready for the contest announce to the pupils that you wish to test their powers of observation, and that a small prize will be given to the one who shall write in five minutes the longest list of animals found in Canada.

To the winner a framed Perry picture of Landseer's "A Deer Family," "Monarch of the Glen," "King of the Forest," or "Stag at Bay" may be given.

Let one of the pupils recite the part of "*Evangeline*" which describes the village of Grand Pre, and Evangeline and her home, ending with the words "There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

At the place in the poem where occur the words "Softly the Angelus sounded" the Angelus may be played very softly, and until the end of the reading, when the song may be sung by one of the largest pupils, costumed as Evangeline or an Acadian girl. The recitation or reading may then be concluded with these words from the Prelude, the speaker at the same time pointing out Acadia on the map sketched upon the board.

"This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the
hunter?"

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are these pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught remains but tradition of the beautiful village of Grand-Pre."

This reading or recitation may be followed by the sad history of Acadia, a description of the people who next came to Acadia, and those who live there to-day. The "*Evangeline*" book, by F. M. Muhlig, gives much interesting information with regard to the people who next occupied Acadia.

"The Angelus" may be found in "Songs in Season." Ring on, sweet Angelus, in "*Evangeline Dramatized*." A picture given in the latter will show how to arrange a suitable costume for the pupil who poses as an Acadian girl.

If the "Afternoon in Alaska" has not been given, or is not to be given, several numbers suggested in the programme in the "Little Journey to Alaska" may be added to the one given here.

The recitations describing the Indian and Eskimo, found in "Christmas in Other Lands," by Lydia Avery Coonley, may be used. The songs "The Indian" and "The Eskimo" in "Songs

in Season" and the tableaux of Canadian Indian and Eskimo people.

Instead of the poem "The Building of the Canoe" a description of the building of the canoe may be read. One suitable for this purpose may be found on page 209 of "King's Aids in Geography." The programme is too long to be given as outlined, but the best numbers may be selected and others omitted.

AN AFTERNOON IN CANADA.

PROGRAMME.

1. Introduction.
2. Song, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."
3. Introduction.
4. Recitation, "Aca Nada."
5. Glimpses of Vancouver Island.
6. The Frozen North.
7. Recitation, "Ice Bergs."
8. Tableau, "The Eskimo."
9. Song, "Little John Jo."
10. "The Eskimo" in Carrie Adams' Music for the Common Schools, or "The Eskimo" in Songs in Season.
11. Recitation, "The Spirit Guide."
12. Animal Life.
13. The Moose.
14. The Hunter.
15. Fur Trader.
16. Song, "The Hunter's Life," from Gems of School Songs.
17. Over the Rockies.
18. The Prairies.
19. The Prairie Indians' Tableau, "Indians."
20. Song, "The Indian," in Songs in Season.
21. "The Building of the Canal," from Longfellow's Hiawatha.
22. The Forest Region.
23. The Nickel Mines.
24. Sault Sainte Marie.
25. The Beaver.
26. Recitation, "The Beaver."

27. Free Land.
28. The Settler's Home.
29. Maple Sugar.
30. Ottawa.
31. Winter Amusements.
32. Child Life in Canada.
33. Patriotic Song, Rule, Britannia, Rule.
34. The Thousand Islands.
35. Recitation, "Thousand Islands," by Whittier.
36. Quebec.
37. The Caleche.
38. "French Canadians," Canadian Boat Song.
39. Saguenay.
40. Reading, "Acadia," Extract from Evangeline, as mentioned in Suggestions.
41. "The Angelus," sung by pupil costumed as Evangeline.
42. Halifax.
43. The Fisheries.
44. Recitation, "The Fisherman," by Whittier.
45. Song, "The Fisherman," from Riverside Song Book.
46. Recitation, "Passing Icebergs."
47. Stories of Northern Explorers.
48. Recitation, "A Ballad of Sir John Franklin," in Longfellow's Poems of Places.
49. Recitation, "Canada."
50. Song, "God Save the Queen."
51. Homeward Bound.
52. Guessing Contest.

POEMS FOR RECITATION OR READINGS.

CANADA.

Land of mighty lake and forest!
 Where the winter's locks are hoarest;
 Where the winter's leaf is greenest,
 And the winter's bite the keenest;
 Where the autumn's leaf is serest,
 And her parting smile the dearest.

Where the tempest rushes forth,
 From his caverns in the north;
 Where the cataract stupendous,
 Lifteth up his voice tremendous;
 Where uncultivated nature
 Rears her pines of giant stature;
 Where the crane her course is steering,
 And the eagle is careering;
 Where the gentle deer are bounding,
 And the woodman's axe resounding.
 Land of mighty lake and river,
 To our hearts thou'rt dear forever!

—*Alexander McLachlan.*

ACA NADA.

Long ago a band of travelers
 Left behind the coast of Spain,
 Turned their faces to the westward,
 Sailed across the storm-tossed main,
 Crossed the black Atlantic waters,
 Landed on a rock-bound shore,
 Moored their argosies and left them
 That the land they might explore;
 Sadly turned they homeward, murmuring:
 "Aca Nada," nothing here.

Nothing here! my Canada?
 Nay; but we have wiser grown;
 Stretching vast from dawn to sunset,
 With a grandeur all thine own:
 Rugged mountains where the eagle
 Wheels in widening circles slow,
 Mighty hills where peaked summits
 Covered with eternal snow
 Stand like angel sentinels guarding
 Far and wide the land below.

Trackless forests dark and lonely,
 Where man's foot hath never trod,

Howls the wolf and screams the panther,
Face to face with nature's god.
Here the haughty stag advancing,
Kingly power undaunted sways,
Here the timid hare bounds fearless
Through the brushwood underways.
In his native marsh the heron
Seeks the waters of his love,
While in geometric figure
Sails the wild duck far above.
Company of man disturbs not,
All in careless freedom rove.

Where of yore by tideless waters
Pines their solemn shadows threw,
Curls the graceful smoke from homesteads,
Men their thrifty lives pursue;
Where in bygone days the forest
Shuddered with the tempest's roar,
Spreads now many a stately city;
Solitude returns no more.
Happy country! happy people!
Peace prevails from shore to shore.

—*Kay Livingstone.*

THE BEAVER.

Up in the North, if thou sail with me,
A wonderful creature I'll show to thee;
As gentle and mild as a lamb at play,—
Skipping about in the month of May;
Yet wise as any old learned sage
Who sits turning over a musty page!

Come down to the lonely river's bank,
See driven-in stake and riven plank;
'Tis a mighty work before thee stands
That would do no shame to human hands
A well-built dam to stem the tide
Of this northern river so strong and wide.

Look! the woven bough of many a tree
 And a wall of fairest masonry.
 The water cannot surpass this bound
 For a hundred keen eyes watch it round;
 And the skill that raised can keep it good
 Against the peril of storm and flood.

And yonder the peaceable creatures dwell,
 Secure in their watery citadel!
 They know no sorrow, have done no sin;
 Happy they live 'mong kith and kin—
 As happy as living things can be,
 Each in the midst of his family!

Ay, there they live and the hunter wild
 Seing their social nature mild,
 Seing how they were kind and good,
 Hath felt his stubborn soul subdued;
 And the very sight of their young at play
 Hath put his hunter's heart away;
 And a mood of pity hath o'er him crept
 As he thought of his own dear babes and wept.

—*Mary Howitt.*

THE THOUSAND ISLES.

The thousand isles, the thousand isles,
 Favored with nature's sweetest smiles,
 And famed the wide world o'er;
 Clad in their robes of summer green,
 No fairer isles were ever seen
 This side the heavenly shore.

The Venice of the North is here,
 And so, indeed, the gondolier,
 For here the boatman's song
 Floats out the crystal waters o'er
 While echoes from each rocky shore
 The joyful notes prolong.

If fairy-land be half so fair
Who could but wish to linger there
Through all the summer days?
But fairy-land is but a dream,
While these fair isles are all they seem
And so we sing their praise.

—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

THE SPIRIT GUIDE.

Far in the realm of arctic night
Where flames the wierd auroral light,
And icebergs loom on every hand,
Enchanters of that lonely land!
The patient dark skinned Eskimo.
A little grave shapes in the snow,
And o'er the ice plain bleak and wild
The mourning mother bears her child,
In furry garments softly rolled,
Who never again shall feel the cold,
And lays him on the icy breast
To take his last and final rest.

And there beside the little mound
A father slays his fleetest hound—
A creature of unerring skill,
Of keenest scent and docile will,
To trace far haunts of seal and bear
That stock the little ice hut there.
He lays the faithful beast and brave
Low down beside his baby's grave,
And says "the little one will stray
Through night and darkness far away,
His tender feet have never trod,
And cannot find the path to God.

"Now guide him safe from night and cold
Far out to realms of purest gold,
Where flowery mead and crystal streams

Are smiling in the sun's glad beams;
 Where rise abodes of joy and wealth
 And feasting fills the happy earth."
 Consoled the parents homeward wend
 And leave their baby to the friend
 Who for protection and defence
 Has proved a gentle providence.
 Sure that the dog so true and wise
 Will find the gates to paradise.

—*Augusta Larned.*

PASSING THE ICE BERGS.

A fearless shape of brave device,
 Our vessel drives through mist and rain,
 Between the floating fleets of ice,—
 The navies of the northern main.

These are the buccaneers that freight
 The middle sea with dream of wrecks,
 And freeze the southwinds in their flight,
 And chain the Gulf Stream to their decks.

Up signal there and let us hail
 Yon looming phantom as we pass!
 Note all her fashion, hull and sail
 Within the compass of your glass;
 And speak her well, for she might say,
 If from her hearts the words could thaw,
 Great news from some far frozen bay
 Or the remotest Eskimo;

Might tell of channels yet untold,
 That sweep the pole from sea to sea;
 Of lands which God designs to hold,
 A mighty people yet to be;—

Of wonders which alone prevail
 Where day and darkness dimly meet;
 Of all which spreads the arctic sail;
 Of Franklin and his venturous fleet,

How haply at some glorious goal
His anchor holds, his sails are furled
That Fame has named him on her scroll
"Columbus of the Polar World."

T. B. Read

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM GEOGRAPHICAL SPICE.

DUCK ISLANDS.

In Baffin Bay are certain islands so thronged with eider ducks that they are called Duck Islands. The mother ducks pluck the down from their own breasts and place it about their young, and should this be removed they will strip off another supply. The down taken from a dead duck is almost worthless, while that taken from a living bird is very valuable. Eider down is so elastic that three-quarters of an ounce will fill a large hat, while two or three pounds may be pressed into a ball and held in the hand.

CHEWED SHIRTS.

The Eskimos wear undershirts made of bird skins, which are chewed in the mouth by the women until they are soft. These skins are taken from auks which frequent the sea coast. Sometimes several hundred skins are used to make one garment. They are worn with the down next to the body.

QUEER SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

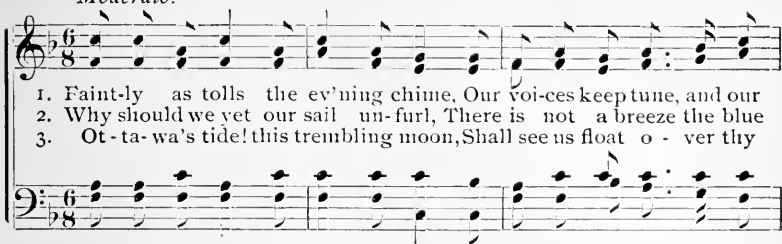
The Eskimos wear stockings made of bird skins, over which is laid a padding of dry grass. Over this, for a boot, is drawn the skin of a bear's leg, to which the natural sole of the bear's foot is attached.

TALLOW CANDY.

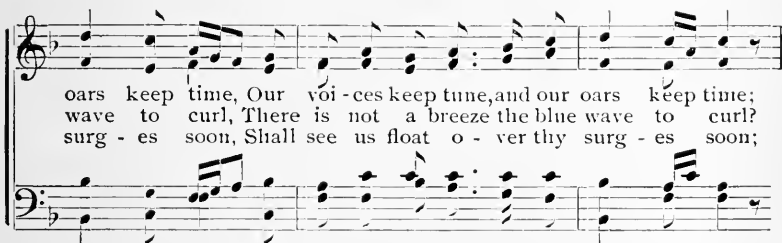
The candy of the Eskimo children consists of reindeer tallow which is put up in a pretty bright red packages made out of the feet of waterfowl. The women cut off the red feet of this bird, which is called the dovekie, draw out the bones, blow up the skins so as to make pouches, and fill them with tallow and thus make candy packages for the little folks.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Moderato.



1. Faint-ly as tolls the ev'ning chime, Our voi-ces keep tune, and our
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl, There is not a breeze the blue
 3. Ot-ta-wa's tide! this trembling moon, Shall see us float o - ver thy

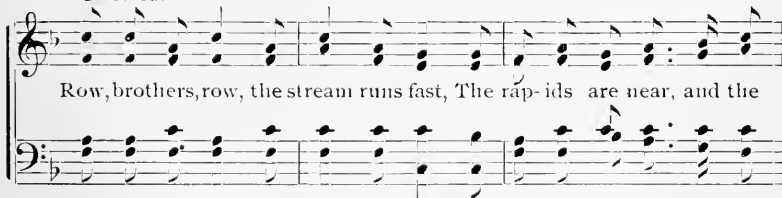


oars keep time, Our voi-ces keep tune, and our oars keep time;
 wave to curl, There is not a breeze the blue wave to curl?
 surg - es soon, Shall see us float o - ver thy surg - es soon;

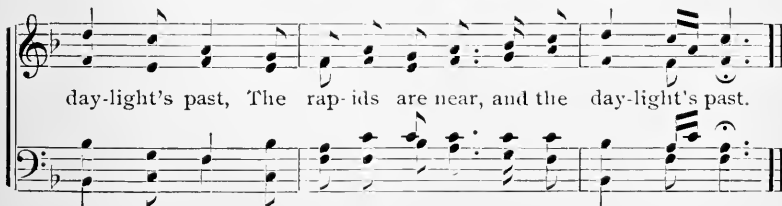


Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh, sweetly we'll rest the wea-ry oar.
 Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'rs, Oh, grant us cool hear'ns and fav'ring airs.

CHORUS.



Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near, and the



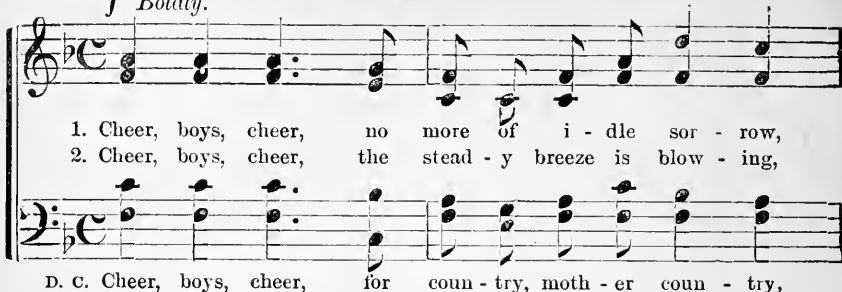
day-light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day-light's past.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

CHAS. MACKAY.

H. RUSSELL.

f Boldly.



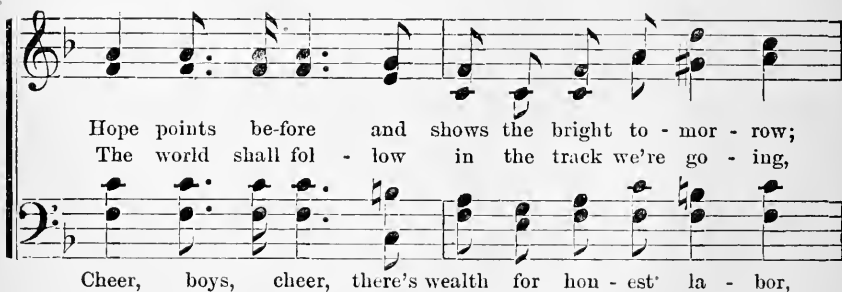
1. Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row,
 2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead - y breeze is blow - ing,

D. C. Cheer, boys, cheer, for coun - try, moth - er coun - try,



Courage! true hearts shall bear us on our way;
 To float us free - ly o'er the o - cean's breast;

Cheer, boys, cheer the will - ing strong right hand,



Hope points be - fore and shows the bright to - mor - row;
 The world shall fol - low in the track we're go - ing,

Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for hon - est' la - bor,



Let us for - get the dark - ness of to - day.
 The star of Em - pire glit - ters in the West.

Cheer, boys, cheer for the new and hap - py land.

Fine.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER—Concluded.

p

So fare - well, Eng - land, much as we a - dore thee,
Here we had toil and lit - tle to re - ward it,

We'll dry the tears that we have shed be - fore;
But there shall plen - ty smile up - on our pain;

Why should we weep to sail in search of for - tune? So
And ours shall be the prai - rie and the for - est, And

D. C. al Fine.

fare - well, Eng - land! fare - well for ev - er - more.
bound - less mead - ows ripe, ripe with gold - en grain.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

Evangeline, Longfellow.
Manitoba, Bryce.
Canadian Pictures, Lorne.
Newfoundland, Hatton.
Acadia.
Gulf of St. Lawrence, Hy. Benjamin.
Wild North Land, Butler.
Life in Manitoba, Hall.
Forest Life in Acadia, Hardy.
Canada and the Rockies, Fleming.
The Winnipeg Country, Fellows.
Maritime Provinces, by Osgood.
Canada, Rowan.
Newfoundland Fisheries, Shea.
Through British Columbia, 2 vols., St. John.
Newfoundland, Tocque.
New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Warner.
From Newfoundland to Manitoba, Roe.
Children of the Cold, Schwatka.
Story of Mellakahtla, by Welcome.
Dr. Keane's Arctic Explorations.
Rowan's Canada.
Hatton's Newfoundland.
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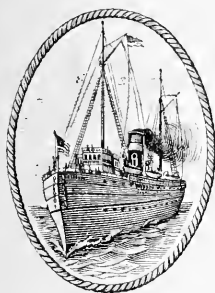
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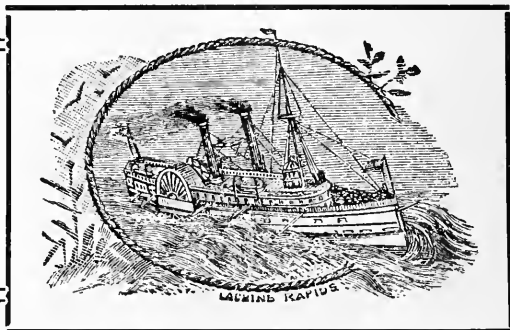
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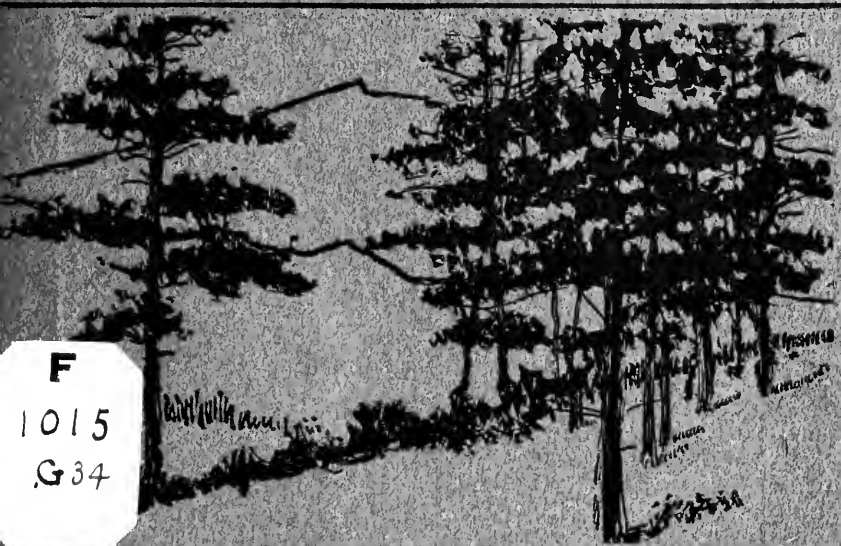
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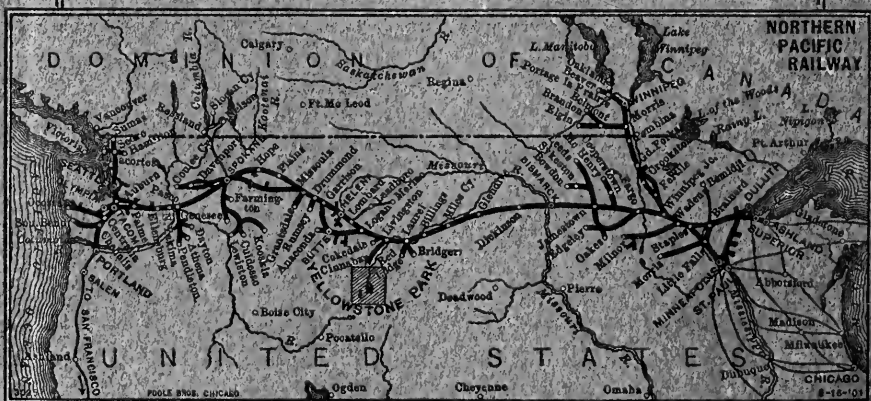
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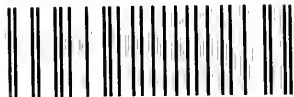
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